

SAKUNTALA; OR, THE FATAL RING: A DRAMA. BY KALIDASA, "THE SHAKESPEARE OF INDIA."

Tr. by Charles Wilkins

TO WHICH IS ADDED

MEGHADUTA; OR, THE CLOUD MESSENGER,

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA, OR SACRED SONG.



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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE centre from which the various branches of the Indo-European family emigrated is placed by scientists, generally, in Central Asia, to the north of India. One branch, the Aryans, wended its way from the high plains through the passes of the north-west of India, and settled in the country known as the Punjab, and it is from this ancient race that the Hindus are descended.

The earliest known literature of the Aryans has come down to us in the form of a collection of prayers and hymns known as the *Rig Veda*. These were composed at different periods, and handed down orally from one generation to another until collected together in their present form. In this mass of writing—in all there are one thousand and twenty-eight hymns in the *Rig Veda*—are embedded the beliefs, thoughts, manners, and customs of the Aryans, and the collection is interesting if on this account alone. We quote a translation of a portion of a hymn, from the late Professor Max Müller's *Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, by way of example :—

"Nor aught nor naught existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
There was not death—hence was there naught immortal,
There was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only one breathed breathless in itself;
Other than it there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled.

"Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here,
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?—
The gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence the great creation sprang?—
He from whom all this great creation came.
Whether His will created or was mute,
The Most High seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it,—or perchance e'en He knows not."

It is truly sad to think that ever since the dawn of civilisation the "bewildered Wanderer has stood shouting question after question into the Sibyl-cave of Destiny, receiving no Answer but an Echo."

With the gradual rise of the priesthood and their increasing power new *Vedas* were compiled, consisting mainly of extracts from the *Rig Veda*, arranged to accompany the sacrificial rites, and the pure thoughts of the hymns became wrapped in a complex ritual until their original meaning was lost. This gave rise to a new class of works, the *Brahmanas*, which were written to explain the connection between the ceremonies and the

Vedas, and it was during this period that the priesthood gained the ascendency which they have maintained ever since.

The *Brahmanas* in their turn gave rise to the *Sutras*, which are a summary of all the literature relating to ritual observances. This period of Sanskrit literature, the age of the *Vedas*, extending from about 1200 B.C. to 300 B.C., is extremely interesting as throwing light on the religion and customs of the Aryans; but to enter into it, even briefly, would take up much space.

We therefore turn to the second period of Sanskrit literature, extending down to the present day, the chief works of which are the epics, the *Mahabharata* and *Ramayana*.

The origin of the *Mahabharata* is traced to a war between the neighbouring tribes of Kurus and Panchalas in the fourteenth century before Christ, and the main story of the epic is as follows:—

Pandu, king of the Kurus, had five sons—Yudhishthira, Bhima, Arjuna, Nakula, and Sahadera. On the premature death of Pandu, Dhritarashtra, his elder brother, who was born blind, brought up the sons of Pandu along with his own hundred sons. Duryodhana, the eldest of the hundred sons, was very jealous of his cousins, and on Yudhishthira being proclaimed heir-apparent, he and his brothers sought the lives of the five sons of Pandu. They, however, escaped to the forests, along with their mother. In this retreat they received

the news of the approaching marriage of the princess of the Panchalas, the neighbouring kingdom of the Kurus. A public choice of a husband was held, according to the customs of the country, and Arjuna won the hand of the fair Princess Draupadi, he being the only warrior able to bend King Drupad's bow. It was at this public contest that the Pandu brothers made the acquaintance of Krishna, who remained their faithful friend and adviser to the last. Duryodhana, hearing of the alliance of Yudhishthira with Drupad and Krishna, agreed to divide the Kuru kingdom, he ruling the eastern, while Yudhishthira and his brothers governed the western portion. The jealousy of Duryodhana, however, did not cease, and he resolved to again attempt the ruin of his cousins. Yudhishthira, while being a good ruler, and a lover of truth and justice, had one great fault—a passion for the game of dice. The blind Dhritarashtra, at the request of Duryodhana, invited the Pandu brothers to Hastinapura, the capital of the eastern kingdom, and on their arrival, Sakuni, the uncle of Duryodhana, who shared with his nephew the hatred of Yudhishthira, challenged the latter to play at dice. Yudhishthira accepted, and lost all—his wealth, his kingdom, himself, his brothers, and the Princess Draupadi. Dhritarashtra commuted this to banishment for twelve years and concealment for a thirteenth. If they were discovered in the thirteenth year they were to go into banishment for another twelve years. The sons of Pandu, with Drau-

padi, accordingly retired to the forests, and Krishna visited them to console and advise them in their grief. During the thirteenth year they entered the service of King Virata as servants. Yudhishthira now demanded the restoration of his kingdom, but Duryodhana would not consent. They consequently prepared for war, and it is this war which is the nucleus of the epic. The most important incident is the fight between Arjuna and Karna. Arjuna won the fight through an accident, and not by superior skill, Karna's chariot wheel sinking into the soft earth and thus placing him at a disadvantage.

Round this main story have crystallised numerous legends and tales, which, although undoubtedly interesting in themselves, have obscured and almost hidden the original poem. The most beautiful legends of the *Mahabharata* are those of the "Forest Book," and are represented as being told to the Pandu brothers and Draupadi, to relieve the monotony of their banishment. Several of these have been translated into English, notably *Nala and Damayanti*, translated by Dean Milman.

The origin of the *Ramayana* is not so clear as that of the *Mahabharata*. It is generally assumed that Valmiki, the composer, based the original poem on the legends of his day, and the second part, relating to the war in the south and the return of Sita to her mother Earth, was borrowed from the *Veda*. The central figure of the epic is Rama, son of Dasaratha, king of Ko-ala.

Dasaratha had three wives, Kausalya, Kaikeyi, and Sumitra, by whom he had three sons, respectively, Rama, Bharata, and Lakshmana. Janaka, king of Videha, had a daughter Sita, who was born of a field furrow when the king Janaka was ploughing. Rama, after a severe test, won the hand of Sita, and lived happily at Ayodhya, the capital of his father's kingdom, where he was held in high esteem. Dasaratha in his old age announced the appointment of Rama as regent, and as Rama loved the people and was very popular with them, the announcement was received with great rejoicing. Queen Kaikeyi, whose jealousy of Sita was roused by the insinuations of her maid, claimed from Dasaratha the fulfilment of a boon previously promised. Dasaratha agreed to grant anything she should ask, whereupon she demanded the banishment of Rama for fourteen years and the appointment of her son Bharata as regent. The king tried to persuade her to alter her wish but without avail, and after a night of anguish he next day announced to Rama the fatal news. Rama bowed to the word of his father and immediately prepared to leave the country, his wife Sita and his brother Lakshmana accompanying him. The passage in which Sita insists on sharing Rama's banishment is very beautiful:

"Do I hear my husband rightly, are these words my Rama spake,
And her banished lord and husband will the wedded wife forsake?

Lightly I dismiss the counsel which my lord hath lightly said,
For it ill beseems a warrior and my husband's princely grade!

For the faithful woman follows where her wedded lord may lead,
In the banishment of Rama, Sita's exile is decreed.

Sire nor son nor loving brother rules the wedded woman's state,
With her lord she falls or rises, with her consort courts her fate.

If the righteous son of Raghu wends to forests dark and drear,
Sita steps before her husband wild and thorny paths to clear!"[1]

The parting from his son Rama killed Dasaratha.

" . . . on his last bed the monarch lay,
And slowly, softly, seemed to die, as fades the moon at dawn away.
'Ah, Rama, ah! my son,' thus said, or scarcely said the king of men,
His gentle hapless spirit fled in sorrow for his Rama then,
The shepherd of his people old, at midnight on his bed of death,
The tale of his son's exile told, and breathed away his dying breath."

Bharata was now summoned to the throne, but nobly refused. He wandered to the forest and tried to persuade Rama to return, but Rama would not break the word of his father. At last Bharata asked for Rama's sandals, and returning to Ayodhya, he placed them on the throne and ruled the kingdom at their side. Rama now retired to the forest of Dandaka, so that his loyal subjects would not search for him. In this forest a princess fell in love with Rama, but her

[1] From the translation of Mr. Romesh Dutt, to whom all lovers of Sanskrit literature are deeply indebted.

declared passion was laughingly rejected, whereupon she inspired her brother Ravana, king of Ceylon, to seek vengeance for the insult. To accomplish his ends, Ravana turned one of his subjects into a beautiful golden deer, and thus luring Rama and Lakshmana from the cottage, he stole away with the unprotected Sita. Rama, on returning, was overcome with grief, and wandered about aimlessly in search of Sita. Ultimately he formed an alliance with Sugriva, the chief of the monkeys, who, in return for Rama's services in restoring the throne to him from which he had been deposed, agreed to search for Sita. Of the many chiefs sent out, Hanumat was successful in discovering Sita in Ceylon, the kingdom of Ravana. He informed her that deliverance was at hand, and returned with the news to Rama and Sugriva. An army was formed, and a bridge built across the channel which separates Ceylon from the mainland, and Rama, leading the army over, besieged the capital. After a severe fight Ravana was slain and Sita rescued. Proving her virtue by an Ordeal of Fire, Sita returned with Rama to Ayodhya, where he reigned amid great prosperity. Here the epic ends, but a supplement is added in which Sita is banished by Rama on account of the people, who suspected her conduct with Ravana. She retired to the hermitage of Valmiki, and there gave birth to twins, Lava and Kusa. Valmiki, the composer of the epic, brought up the two princes as hermit boys, teaching

them to recite the poem by heart. Many years after Sita's second banishment, Rama performed a great Horse Sacrifice in which he invited the neighbouring princes to take part. Valmiki attended with Lava and Kusa, and they chanted the Ramayana at the Sacrifice. Rama, recognising his sons, asked Valmiki to bring Sita again to the city. Sita returned, but her noble spirit was broken and her life clouded. The Earth, from which she sprang, opened and received back her child. Round this main story have collected various legends, but not to the same extent as in the *Mahabharata*.

In addition to the two epics, India has produced lyrical and dramatic poetry which ranks high in the literature of the world, but to condense a history of this into a few pages is an impossibility. The above fragments are merely given to serve as finger-posts to the realm of Sanskrit literature, which has produced such luxurious and varied fruit.

A full account of the Vedic period is given in the late Professor Max Müller's *Ancient Sanskrit Literature*, and a very interesting *History of Sanskrit Literature* has recently been written by Professor A. A. Macdonell.

The works given in this volume are Kalidasa's *Sakuntala*, a drama; and his lyrical poem, the *Meghaduta*: also the *Bhagavad-gita*, one of the numerous episodes of the *Mahabharata* already referred to.

Sakuntala is the best of the dramas of India, but in order to appreciate this branch of Sanskrit literature it

is necessary to understand the more important characteristics of the Hindu race. Each nation has given its own solution to the mystery of life; each has found, like Professor Teufelsdroeckh, that the Universe is a mighty sphinx-riddle, which they know so little of, yet must read or be devoured; that the first moral act lay in the annihilation of self. The people of ancient India put their belief into practice, and a time of forced poverty was gone through as a necessary training by every youth, during which period he studied the religious, philosophical, and poetical writings of the age. This recognition of suffering as a purifying element in life is shown in all the dramas. The hero or heroine passes through a time of mental or physical suffering which is borne with a fatalism so much admired by the Hindu.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature in the dramatic literature is the entire absence of tragedy or violent action of any kind. Although, as already mentioned, the hero and heroine pass through a time of suffering, the play invariably ends with the optimism of a fairy tale. The ardent love of, and communion with, nature is also very striking. The philosophers, like Canna in the *Fatal Ring*, lived a life of poverty in the depths of the forests, and it is to this fact that the love of nature is due. The most beautiful passages in the *Fatal Ring* are in the fourth act, where Sakuntala, on leaving the forest to journey to the city and there become the wife of the king, bids good-bye to the plants and trees she has so

carefully tended. The plots of the plays were borrowed from the epics or legends of the age, and this lack of originality is another feature which distinguishes the drama of India from our own. Each play is preceded by a prologue, in which an actor and stage manager flatter the audience and introduce the play. There were no separate theatres, the plays being acted in the palace, and the scenery was supplied mainly by the imagination of the spectator. The origin of the drama in India is traditionally ascribed to Bharata, but in the prefatory essay published with the translation of *Sakuntala* by Sir William Jones, it is recorded that the natives relate that the first regular play was composed by Pavan. The subject of this play was taken from the *Ramayana*, and engraved by Pavan on a smooth stone, but being displeased with his composition, he hurled it into the sea. Many years afterwards a learned prince engaged expert divers to take a wax impression of the stone, by which means the drama was restored. The true origin, however, must be sought in religion. In Greece, as also in England, the drama was developed from the religious plays used by the priests as a means of instructing the people, and the development of the drama appears to have proceeded on somewhat similar lines in India, although leading to different results. The flower of Sanskrit dramatic literature was produced between the fourth and eighth centuries of our era. This is the golden age of Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti. *Sakuntala* is the best of the three

extant plays of Kalidasa, the other two being *Urvasi Won by Valour*, and *Malavica and Agnimitra*, dealing respectively with the loves of King Pururavas and King Agnimitra. Three plays of Bhavabhuti have also been preserved to us, the best of which is *Malati and Madhava*, described by Professor A. A. Macdonell as "an Indian Romeo and Juliet with a happy ending." The other two relate to Rama, and are based on the *Ramayana*.

The edition now offered of *Sakuntala* is a reprint of the play as it appeared in the collected works of Sir William Jones, published in six volumes in 1799, slightly abridged.

The *Meghadu'a* or *Cloud Messenger* relates how a Yacsha, servant of Cuvera, the God of Wealth, having incurred the displeasure of his lord by neglecting a garden, is banished to the mountain Ramagiri. At the opening of the poem he is supposed to have passed eight months in solitary exile. Seeing a cloud passing northward, in his grief he requests it to convey a message to his wife in Alaca. This gives Kalidasa an opportunity of describing the scenery the Cloud would have to pass over. The God of Wealth, learning the Yacsha's state—

> "Removed the curse, restored him to his wife,
> And blest with ceaseless joy their everlasting life."

This edition is a copy of the poem from the

translation published by Mr. Horace Hayman Wilson in 1813. As he explains in his preface, he has "endeavoured to avoid being licentious, without attempting to be literal." The original consists of one hundred and fifteen stanzas of four lines each; the translation of nearly eight hundred lines. The length of the translation is explained by the fact that the number of syllables in the Sanskrit line is nearly double those of the English.

The *Bhagavad-gita*, as already explained, is an episode from the epic *Mahabharata*. It is a philosophical poem, consisting of eighteen dialogues or lectures of Krishna (Krĕĕshnă). The outstanding features of Indian philosophy are the theory of transmigration of souls and the doctrine of salvation. The soul is supposed to pass through a series of existences in different men, or in animals, passing from one to the other after each death, and in each is punished or rewarded for its actions in the previous existences. There is, however, an end to transmigration when one attains to the true knowledge, but as to what is the means for attaining the true knowledge, the various systems differ. After the attainment the soul is absorbed into Brahm, or the Universal Soul. The two most important systems of philosophy are the Sankhya and Vedanta. The Sankhya system denies the existence of God, and looks upon the universe as evolved from primitive matter. True knowledge is a recognition of the distinction between the spirit and the body. The Vedanta

system, on the other hand, looks upon everything as God. "I pervade all things in nature, and guard them with my beams." The world is thus an illusion, and true knowledge is the recognition of the fact that there is no difference between the soul and God, or the Universal Soul. The *Bhagavad-gita* contains what is best in these two systems, combined with the teaching of the Yoga system. The main teaching of Krishna (Krĕĕshnă) is contained, or summed up, in one sentence in the last Lecture: "The duties of a man's own particular calling, although not free from faults, is far preferable to the duty of another, be it ever so well pursued."

The present rendering is a reprint of the prose translation of Mr. Charles Wilkins, published at the request of Warren Hastings, in 1785. The old form of spelling Sanskrit names has been retained, and the note explaining the pronunciation will be found, along with a glossary, at the end of the volume.

T. HOLME.

April 1900.

KALIDASA'S SAKUNTALA;

OR,

THE FATAL RING.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

DUSHYANTA, *Emperor of India.*
SAKUNTALA, *the heroine of the piece.*
ANUSUYA, PRIYAMVADA, } *damsels attendant on her.*
MADHAVYA, *the Emperor's buffoon.*
GAUTAMI, *an old female hermit.*
SARNGARAVA, SARADWATA, } *two Brahmans.*
CANNA, *foster-father of Sakuntala.*
CUMBHILACA, *a fisherman.*
MISRACESI, *a nymph.*
MATALI, *charioteer.*
A little boy.
CASYAPA, ADITI, } *deities, parents of Indra.*

Officers of State and Police, Brahmans, Damsels, Hermits, Pupils, Warders of the Palace, Messengers and Attendants.

PROLOGUE.

A Brahman pronounces the Benediction.

Water was the first work of the Creator; and fire receives the oblations ordained by law; the Sacrifice is performed with solemnity; the Two Lights of heaven distinguish time; the subtle ether, which is the vehicle of sound, pervades the universe; the Earth is the natural parent of all increase; and by Air all things breathing are animated. May Isa, the God of Nature, apparent in these eight forms, bless and sustain you.

The Manager enters.

Manager. What occasion is there for a long speech? [*Looking towards the dressing-room.*] When your decorations, madam, are completed, be pleased to come forward.

An Actress enters.

Actress. I attend, sir. What are your commands?

Manager. This, madam, is the numerous and polite assembly of the famed hero, our king Vicramaditya, the pattern of every delightful art; and before this audience we must do justice to a new production of Kalidasa, a dramatic piece, entitled "Sakuntala, or the Fatal Ring." It is requested, therefore, that all will be attentive.

Actress. Who, sir, could be inattentive to an entertainment so well intended?

Manager [*smiling*]. I will speak, madam, without reserve. As far as an enlightened audience receive pleasure from our theatrical talents, and express it, so far, and no farther, I set a value on them; but my own mind is diffident of its powers, howsoever strongly exerted.

Actress. You judge rightly in measuring your own merit by the degree of pleasure which this assembly may receive; but its value, I trust, will presently appear. Have you any further commands?

Manager. What better can you do, since you are now on the stage, than exhilarate the souls, and gratify the sense, of our auditory with a song?

Actress. Shall I sing the description of a season, and which of the seasons do you choose to hear described?

Manager. No finer season could be selected than the summer, which is actually begun, and abounds with delights. How sweet is the close of a summer's day, which invites our youth to bathe in pure streams, and induces gentle slumber under the shades refreshed by sylvan breezes, which have passed over the blooming patalis and stolen their fragrance!

Actress [*singing*].

Mark how the soft blossoms of the magacesar
Are lightly kissed by the bees.
Mark how the damsels delicately place behind their ears,
The flowers of sirisha.

Manager. A charming strain; the whole company sparkles, as it were, with admiration; and the musical mode to which the words are adapted, has filled their

souls with rapture. By what other performance can we ensure a continuance of their favour?

Actress. Oh, by none better than by the "Fatal Ring," which you have just announced.

Manager. How could I forget it! In that moment I was lulled to distraction by the melody of thy voice, which allured my heart, as the king Dushyanta is now allured by the swift antelope. [*They both go out.*]

SAKUNTALA; OR, THE FATAL RING.

ACT I

SCENE—A FOREST.

DUSHYANTA, *in a car, pursuing an antelope, with a bow and quiver, attended by his charioteer.*

Charioteer [*looking at the antelope and then at the King*]. When I cast my eye on that black antelope, and then on thee, O king, with thy braced bow, I see before me, as it were, the God Mahesa chasing a hart, with his bow braced in his left hand.

Dushyanta. The fleet animal has given us a long chase. Oh, there he runs, with his neck bent gracefully, looking back, from time to time, at the car which follows him. Now, through fear of a descending shaft, he contracts his forehand, and extends his flexible haunches; and now, through fatigue, he pauses to nibble the grass in his path with his mouth half opened. See how he springs and bounds with long steps, lightly skimming the ground and rising high in the air! And now so rapid is his flight, that he is scarce discernible!

Charioteer. The ground was uneven, and the horses were checked in their course. He has taken advantage

of our delay. It is level now, and we may easily overtake him.

Dushyanta. Loosen the reins.

Charioteer. As the king commands. [*He drives the car first at full speed, then gently.*] He could not escape. The horses were not even touched by the clouds of dust which they raised; they tossed their manes, pricked their ears, and rather glided than galloped over the smooth plain.

Dushyanta. They soon outran the swift antelope. Objects which, from their distance, appeared minute, presently became larger; what was really divided, seemed united, as we passed; and what was in truth bent, seemed straight. So swift was the motion of the wheels, that nothing, for many moments, was either distant or near. [*He fixes an arrow in his bowstring.*]

From behind the scenes. He must not be slain. This antelope, O king, has an asylum in our forest: he must not be slain.

Charioteer [*listening and looking*]. Just as the animal presents a fair mark for your arrow, two hermits are advancing to interrupt your aim.

Dushyanta. Then stop the car.

Charioteer. The king is obeyed. [*He draws in the reins.*]

Enter a Hermit and his pupil.

Hermit [*raising his hands*]. Slay not, O mighty sovereign, slay not a poor fawn, which has found a place of refuge. No, surely, no; he must not be hurt. An arrow in the delicate body of a deer would be like fire in a bale of cotton. Compared with thy keen shafts, how weak must be the tender hide of a young antelope! Replace quickly, oh! replace the arrow which thou hast

aimed. The weapons of kings and warriors are destined for the relief of the oppressed, not for the destruction of the guiltless

Dushyanta [*saluting them*]. It is replaced.

Hermit. Worthy is that act of thee, most illustrious of monarchs; worthy, indeed, of a prince descended from Puru. Mayst thou have a son adorned with virtues, a sovereign of the world!

Pupil [*elevating both his hands*]. Oh, by all means, may thy son be adorned with every virtue, a sovereign of the world!

Dushyanta [*bowing to them*]. My head bears with reverence the order of a Brahman.

Hermit. Great king, we came hither to collect wood for a solemn sacrifice; and this forest on the banks of the Malini affords an asylum to the wild animals protected by Sakuntala, whom our holy preceptor, Canna, has received as a sacred deposit. If you have no other avocation, enter yon grove, and let the rights of hospitality be duly performed. Having seen with your own eyes the virtuous behaviour of those whose only wealth is their piety, but whose worldly cares are now at an end, you will then exclaim, "How many good subjects are defended by this arm, which the bowstring has made callous!"

Dushyanta. Is the master of your family at home?

Hermit. Our preceptor is gone to Somatirt'ha, in hopes of deprecating some calamity, with which destiny threatens the irreproachable Sakuntala; and he has charged her, in his absence, to receive all guests with due honour.

Dushyanta. Holy man, I will attend her; and she,

having observed my devotion, will report it favourably to the venerable sage.

Both. Be it so, and we depart on our own business. [*The Hermit and his pupil go out.*]

Dushyanta. Drive on the car. By visiting the abode of holiness, we shall purify our souls.

Charioteer. As the king (may his life be long) commands.

Dushyanta [*looking on all sides*]. That we are near the dwelling-place of pious hermits would clearly have appeared, even if it had not been told.

Charioteer. By what marks?

Dushyanta. Do you not observe them? See under yon trees the hallowed grains which have been scattered on the ground, while the tender female parrots were feeding their unfledged young in their pendent nests. Mark in other places the shining pieces of polished stone which have bruised the oily fruit of the sacred ingudi. Look at the young fawns, which, having acquired confidence in man, and accustomed themselves to the sound of his voice, frisk at pleasure, without varying their course. Even the surface of the river is reddened with lines of consecrated bark, which float down its stream. Look again: the roots of yon trees are bathed in the waters of holy pools, which quiver as the breeze plays upon them; and the glowing lustre of yon fresh leaves is obscured, for a time, by smoke that rises from oblations of clarified butter. See too, where the young roes graze, without apprehension of our approach, on the lawn before yonder garden, where the tops of the sacrificial grass, cut for some religious rite, are sprinkled around.

Charioteer. I now observe all those marks of some holy habitation.

Dushyanta [*turning aside*]. This awful sanctuary, my friend, must not be violated. Here, therefore, stop the car that I may descend.

Charioteer. I hold in the reins. The king may descend at his pleasure.

Dushyanta [*having descended, and looking at his own dress*]. Groves devoted to religion must be entered in humbler habiliments. Take these regal ornaments, and, whilst I am observing those who inhabit this retreat, let the horses be watered and dressed.

Charioteer. Be it as you direct. [*He goes out.*]

Dushyanta [*walking round and looking*]. Now then I enter the sanctuary. Oh, this place must be holy, my right arm throbs. [*Pausing and considering.*] What new acquisition does this omen promise in a sequestered grove? But the gates of predestined events are in all places open.

From behind the scenes. Come hither, my beloved companions.

Dushyanta. Ah! I hear female voices to the right of yon arbour. I am resolved to know who are conversing. [*He walks round and looks.*] There are some damsels, I see, belonging to the hermit's family, who carry water-pots of different sizes proportioned to their strength, and are going to water the delicate plants. Oh, how charming they look! If the beauty of maids who dwell in woodland retreats cannot easily be found in the recesses of a palace, the garden flowers must make room for the blossoms of the forest, which excel them in colour and fragrance. [*He stands gazing at them.*]

Enter Sakuntala, Anusuya, and Priyamvada.

Anusuya. O my Sakuntala, it is in thy society that the trees of our father Canna seem to me delightful: it well becomes thee, who are soft as the fresh-blown mallica, to fill with water the canals which have been dug round these tender shrubs.

Sakuntala. It is not only in obedience to our father that I thus employ myself, though that were a sufficient motive, but I really feel the affection of a sister for these young plants. [*Watering them.*]

Priyamvada. My beloved friend, the shrubs which you have watered flower in the summer, which is now begun: let us give water to those which have passed their flowering time; for our virtue will be the greater when it is disinterested.

Sakuntala. Excellent advice. [*Watering other plants.*]

Dushyanta [*aside in transport*]. How, is that Canna's daughter, Sakuntala? The venerable sage must have an unfeeling heart, since he has allotted so mean an employment to so lovely a girl, and has dressed her in a coarse mantle of woven bark. Who could wish that so beautiful a creature, who at first sight ravishes my soul, should endure the hardships of his austere devotion, would attempt, I suppose, to cleave the hard wood sami with a leaf of the blue lotus. Let me retire behind this tree, that I may gaze on her charms without diminishing her confidence. [*He retires.*]

Sakuntala. My friend Priyamvada has tied this mantle of bark so closely over my bosom that it gives me pain: Anusuya, I request you to untie it.

[*Anusuya unties the mantle.*]

Priyamvada [*laughing*]. Well, my sweet friend, enjoy

while you may that youthful prime that gives your bosom so beautiful a swell.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Admirably spoken, Priyamvada. No; her charms cannot be hidden, even though a robe of intertwisted fibres be thrown over her shoulders and conceal part of her bosom, like a veil of yellow leaves enfolding a radiant flower. The water-lily, though dark moss may settle on its head, is nevertheless beautiful; and the moon with dewy beams is rendered yet brighter by its black spots. The bark itself acquires elegance from the features of a girl with antelope's eyes, and rather augments than diminishes my ardour. Many are the rough stalks which support the water-lily; many and exquisite are the blossoms which hang on them.

Sakuntala [*looking before her*]. Yon amra tree, my friends, points with the finger of its leaves, which the gale gently agitates, and seems inclined to whisper some secret. I will go near it. [*They all approach the tree.*]

Priyamvada. O my Sakuntala, let us remain some time in this shade.

Sakuntala. Why here particularly?

Priyamvada. Because the amra tree seems wedded to you, who are graceful as the blooming creeper which twines round it.

Sakuntala. Properly are you named Priyamvada, or speaking kindly.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. She speaks truly. Yes; her lip glows like the tender leaflet; her arms resemble two flexible stalks; and youthful beauty shines, like a blossom, in all her lineaments.

Anusuya. See, my Sakuntala, how yon fresh mallica, which you have surnamed Vanadosini, or Delight of

the Grove, has chosen the sweet amra for her bridegroom.

Sakuntala [*approaching and looking at it with pleasure*]. How charming is the season, when the nuptials even of plants are thus publicly celebrated! [*She stands admiring it.*]

Priyamvada [*smiling*]. Do you know, my Anusuya, why Sakuntala gazes on the plants with such rapture?

Anusuya. No indeed: I was trying to guess. Pray tell me.

Priyamvada. "As the Grove's Delight is united to a suitable tree, thus I too hope for a bridegroom to my mind,"—that is her private thought at this moment.

Sakuntala. Such are the flights of your own imagination. [*Inverting the water-pot.*]

Anusuya. Here is a plant, Sakuntala, which you have forgotten, though it has grown up, like yourself, under the fostering care of our father Canna.

Sakuntala. Then I shall forget myself. O wonderful! [*approaching the plant*]. O Priyamvada, I have delightful tidings for you!

Priyamvada. What tidings, my beloved?

Sakuntala. This madhavi creeper, though it be not the usual time for flowering, is covered with gay blossoms from its root to its top!

Both. Is it really so, sweet friend?

Sakuntala. Is it so? Look yourselves.

Priyamvada [*with eagerness*]. From this omen, Sakuntala, I announce you an excellent husband, who will very soon take you by the hand.

[*Both girls look at Sakuntala.*]

Sakuntala [*displeased*]. A strange fancy of yours.

Priyamvada. Indeed, my beloved, I speak not jestingly. I heard something from our father Canna. Your nurture of these plants has prospered; and thence it is that I foretell your approaching nuptials.

Anusuya. It is thence, my Priyamvada, that she has watered them with so much alacrity.

Sakuntala. The madhavi plant is my sister: can I do otherwise than cherish her? [*Pouring water on it.*]

Dushyanta [*aside*]. I fear she is of the same religious order with her foster-father. Or has a mistaken apprehension risen in my mind? My warm heart is so attached to her, that she cannot but be a fit match for a man of the military class. The doubts which a while perplex the good, are soon removed by the prevalence of their strong inclinations. I am enamoured of her; and she cannot, therefore, be the daughter of a Brahman, whom I could not marry.

Sakuntala [*moving her head*]. Alas! a bee has left the blossom of the mallica, and is fluttering round my face.

Dushyanta [*aside, with affection*]. How often have I seen our court damsels affectedly turn their heads aside from some roving insect, merely to display their graces; but this rural charmer knits her brows, and gracefully moves her eyes through fear only, without art or affectation. Oh! happy bee, who touchest the corner of that eye beautifully trembling; who, approaching the tip of that ear, murmurest as softly as if thou wert whispering a secret of love; and who sippest nectar, while she waves her graceful hand, from that lip, which contains all the treasures of delight! Whilst I am anxious to know in what family she was born, thou art enjoying bliss which to me would be supreme felicity!

Sakuntala. Disengage me, I entreat, from this insect.

Priyamvada. What power have we to deliver you? The king Dushyanta is the sole defender of our consecrated groves.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. This is a good occasion for me to discover myself [*advancing a little*]. I must not, I will not, fear. Yet—[*checking himself and retiring*]—my royal character will thus abruptly be known to them. No; I will appear as a simple stranger, and claim the duties of hospitality.

Sakuntala. This impudent bee will not rest. I will remove to another place [*stepping aside and looking round*]. Away! away! he follows me wherever I go. Deliver me from this distress.

Dushyanta [*advancing hastily*]. Ah! while the race of Puru govern the world, and restrain even the most profligate, by good laws well administered, has any man the audacity to molest the lovely daughters of pious hermits? [*They look at him with emotion.*]

Anusuya. Sir, no man is here audacious; but this damsel, our beloved friend, was teased by a fluttering bee. [*Both girls look at Sakuntala.*]

Dushyanta [*approaching her*]. Damsel, may thy devotion prosper.

[*Sakuntala looks on the ground bashful and silent.*]

Anusuya. Our guest must be received with due honours.

Priyamvada. Stranger, you are welcome. Go, my Sakuntala, bring from the cottage a basket of fruit and flowers. This river will, in the meantime, supply water for his feet.

Dushyanta. Holy maid, the gentleness of thy speech does me sufficient honour.

Anusuya. Sit down a while on this bank of earth, spread with the leaves of septaperna: the shade is refreshing, and our lord must want repose after his journey.

Dushyanta. You, too, must all be fatigued by your hospitable attentions: rest yourselves, therefore, with me.

Priyamvada [*aside to Sakuntala*]. Come, let us all be seated: our guest is contented with our reception of him. [*They all seat themselves.*]

Sakuntala [*aside*]. At the sight of this youth I feel an emotion scarce consistent with a grove devoted to piety.

Dushyanta [*gazing at them alternately*]. How well your friendship agrees, holy damsels, with the charming equality of your ages and of your beauties!

Priyamvada [*aside to Anusuya*]. Who can this be, my Anusuya? The union of delicacy with robustness in his form, and of sweetness with dignity in his discourse, indicate a character fit for ample dominion.

Anusuya [*aside to Priyamvada*]. I too have been admiring him. I must ask him a few questions. [*Aloud.*] Your sweet speech, sir, gives me confidence. What imperial family is embellished by our noble guest? What is his native country? Surely it must be afflicted by his absence from it. What, I pray, could induce you to humiliate that exalted form of yours by visiting a forest peopled only by simple anchorites?

Sakuntala [*aside*]. Perplex not thyself, oh my heart! Let the faithful Anusuya direct with her counsel the thoughts which rise in thee.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. How shall I reveal, or how shall I disguise myself? [*Musing.*] Be it so. [*Aloud to Anusuya.*] Excellent lady, I am a student of the Veda, dwelling in the city of our king, descended from Puru; and being occupied in the discharge of religious and moral duties, am come hither to behold the sanctuary of virtue.

Anusuya. Holy men, employed like you, are our lords and masters.

[*Sakuntala looks modest, yet with affection; while her companions gaze alternately at her and at the King.*]

Anusuya [*aside to Sakuntala*]. Oh, if our venerable father were present——

Sakuntala. What if he were?

Anusuya. He would entertain our guest with a variety of refreshments.

Sakuntala [*pretending displeasure*]. Go too; you had some other idea in your head: I will not listen to you.

[*She sits apart.*]

Dushyanta [*aside to Anusuya and Priyamwada*]. In my turn, holy damsels, allow me to ask one question concerning your lovely friend.

Both. The request, sir, does us honour.

Dushyanta. The sage, Canna, I know, is ever intent upon the great Being; and must have declined all earthly connections. How then can this damsel be, as it is said, his daughter?

Anusuya. Let our lord hear. There is, in the family of Cusa, a pious prince of extensive power, eminent in devotion and in arms.

Dushyanta. You speak, no doubt, of Causica, the sage and monarch.

Anusuya. Know, sir, that he is in truth her father; while Canna bears that reverend name because he brought her up, since she was left an infant.

Dushyanta. Left! The word excites my curiosity; and raises in me a desire of knowing her whole story.

Anusuya. You shall hear it, sir, in few words. When that sage king had begun to gather the fruits of his austere devotion, the gods of Swerga became apprehensive of his increasing power, and sent the nymph Menaca to frustrate, by her allurements, the full effect of his piety.

Dushyanta. Is a mortal's piety so tremendous to the inferior deities? What was the event?

Anusuya. In the bloom of the vernal season, Causica, beholding the beauty of the celestial nymph, and wafted by the gale of desire—— [*She stops and looks modest.*]

Dushyanta. I now see the whole. Sakuntala then is the daughter of a king by a nymph of the lower heaven.

Anusuya. Even so.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. The desire of my heart is gratified. [*Aloud.*] How, indeed, could her transcendent beauty be the portion of mortal birth? Yon light, that sparkles with tremulous beams, proceeds not from a terrestrial cavern.

[*Sakuntala sits modestly with her eyes on the ground.*]

Dushyanta [*again aside*]. Happy man that I am! Now has my fancy an ample range. Yet, having heard the pleasantry of her companions on the subject of her nuptials, I am divided with anxious doubt, whether she be not wholly destined for a religious life.

Priyamvada [*smiling and looking first at Sakuntala, then at the King*]. Our lord seems desirous of asking other questions.

[*Sakuntala rebukes Priyamvada with her hand.*]

Dushyanta. You know my very heart. I am, indeed, eager to learn the whole of this charmer's life; and must put one question more.

Priyamvada. Why should you muse on it so long? [*Aside.*] One would think this religious man was forbidden by his vows to court a pretty woman.

Dushyanta. This I ask. Is the strict rule of a hermit so far to be observed by Canna, that he cannot dispose of his daughter in marriage, but must check the impulse of juvenile love? Can she be destined to reside for life among her favourite antelopes, the black lustre of whose eyes is far surpassed by hers?

Priyamvada. Hitherto, sir, our friend has lived happy in the consecrated forest, the abode of her spiritual father; but it is now his intention to unite her with a bridegroom equal to herself.

Dushyanta [*aside, with ecstasy*]. Exult, oh my heart, exult! All doubt is removed; and what before thou wouldst have dreaded as a flame may now be approached as a gem inestimable.

Sakuntala [*seeming angry*]. Anusuya, I will stay here no longer.

Anusuya. Why so, I pray?

Sakuntala. I will go to the holy matron Gautami, and let her know how impertinently our Priyamvada has been prattling. [*She rises.*]

Anusuya. It will not be decent, my love, for an in-

habitant of this hallowed wood to retire before a guest has received complete honour.

[*Sakuntala, giving no answer, offers to go.*]

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Is she then departing? [*He rises as if going to stop her, but checks himself.*] The actions of a passionate lover are as precipitate as his mind is agitated. Thus I, whose passion impelled me to follow the hermit's daughter, am restrained by a sense of duty.

Priyamvada [*going up to Sakuntala*]. My angry friend, you must not retire.

Sakuntala [*stepping back and frowning*]. What should detain me?

Priyamvada. You owe me the labour, according to our agreement, of watering two more shrubs. Pay me first, to acquit your conscience, and then depart, if you please. [*Holding her.*]

Dushyanta. The damsel is fatigued, I imagine, by pouring so much water on the cherished plants. Her arms, graced with palms like fresh blossoms, hang carelessly down; her bosom heaves with strong breathing; and now her dishevelled locks, from which the string has dropped, are held by one of her lovely hands. Suffer me, therefore, thus to discharge the debt. [*Giving his ring to Priyamvada. Both damsels, reading the name Dushyanta inscribed on the ring, look with surprise at each other.*] It is a trifle unworthy of your attention; but I value it as a gift from the king.

Priyamvada. Then you ought not, sir, to part with it. Her debt is from this moment discharged on your word only. [*She returns the ring.*]

Anusuya. You are now released, Sakuntala, by this

benevolent lord; or favoured, perhaps, by a monarch himself. To what place will you now retire?

Sakuntala [*aside*]. Must I not wonder at all this if I preserve my senses?

Priyamvada. Are not you going, Sakuntala?

Sakuntala. Am I your subject? I shall go when it pleases me.

Dushyanta [*aside, looking at Sakuntala*]. Either she is affected towards me, as I am towards her, or I am distracted with joy. She mingles not her discourse with mine; yet, when I speak, she listens attentively. She commands not her actions in my presence; and her eyes are engaged on me alone.

From behind the scenes. Oh! pious hermits, preserve the animals of this hallowed forest. The king Dushyanta is hunting in it. The dust raised by the hoofs of his horses, which pound the pebbles ruddy as early dawn, falls like a swarm of blighting insects on the consecrated boughs which sustain your mantles of woven bark, moist with the water of the stream in which you have bathed.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Alas, my officers, who are searching for me, have indiscreetly disturbed this holy retreat.

Again from behind the scenes. Beware, ye hermits, of yon elephant, who comes overturning all that oppose him; now he fixes his trunk with violence on a lofty branch that obstructs his way; and now he is entangled in the twining stalks of the vratati. How are our sacred rites interrupted! How are the protected herds dispersed! The wild elephant, alarmed at the new appearance of a car, lays our forest waste.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. How unwillingly am I offending the devout foresters! Yes; I must go to them instantly.

Priyamvada. Noble stranger, we are confounded with dread of the enraged elephant. With your permission, therefore, we retire to the hermit's cottage.

Anusuya. O Sakuntala, the venerable matron will be much distressed on your account. Come quickly, that we may be all safe together.

Sakuntala [*walking slowly*]. I am stopped, alas! by a sudden pain in my side.

Dushyanta. Be not alarmed, amiable damsels. It shall be my care that no disturbance happen in your sacred groves.

Priyamvada. Excellent stranger, we were wholly unacquainted with your station; and you will forgive us, we hope, for the offence of intermitting a while the honours due to you: but we humbly request that you will give us once more the pleasure of seeing you, though you have not now been received with perfect hospitality.

Dushyanta. You depreciate your own merits. The sight of you, sweet damsels, has sufficiently honoured me.

Sakuntala. My foot, O Anusuya, is hurt by this pointed blade of cusa grass, and now my loose vest of bark is caught by a branch of the curuvaca. Help me to disentangle myself, and support me.

[*She goes out, looking from time to time at Dushyanta, and supported by the damsels.*]

Dushyanta [*sighing*]. They are all departed; and I too, alas! must depart. For how short a moment have I been blessed with a sight of the incomparable Sakuntala! I will send my attendants to the city, and take my station at no great distance from this forest. I cannot, in truth, divert my mind from the sweet occupation of gazing on

her. How, indeed, should I otherwise occupy it? My body moves onward; but my restless heart runs back to her, like a light flag borne on a staff against the wind and fluttering in an opposite direction. [*He goes out.*]

ACT II.

SCENE—A PLAIN, WITH ROYAL PAVILIONS ON THE SKIRT OF THE FOREST.

Enter Madhavya, sighing and lamenting.

Madhavya. Strange recreation this! Ah me, I am wearied to death. My royal friend has an unaccountable taste. What can I think of a king——

Enter King Dushyanta.

Dushyanta. Friend Madhavya, your eyes have not been gratified with an object which best deserves to be seen.

Madhavya. Yes, truly; for a king is before them.

Dushyanta. All men are apt, indeed, to think favourably of themselves; but I mean Sakuntala, the brightest ornament of these woods.

Madhavya. You began with chasing an antelope, and have now started new game. Thence it is, I presume, that you are grown so fond of a consecrated forest.

Dushyanta. The business for you is this: you, who are a Brahman, must find some expedient for my second entrance into that asylum of virtue.

From behind the scenes. Happy men that we are, we have now attained the object of our desires!

The Chamberlain enters.

Chamberlain. May the king be victorious! Two young men, sons of a hermit, are waiting at my station, and soliciting an audience.

Dushyanta. Introduce them without delay.

Chamberlain. As the king commands. [*He goes out, and enters with two Brahmans.*] Come on, come this way.

Brahmans. O King, be victorious!

Dushyanta. I humbly salute you both. May I know the cause of this visit?

Brahmans. Our sovereign is hailed by the pious inhabitants of these woods, and they implore——

Dushyanta. What is their command?

Brahmans. In the absence of our spiritual guide, Canna, some evil demons are disturbing our retreat. Deign, therefore, accompanied by thy charioteer, to be master of our asylum, if it be only for a few short days.

Dushyanta [*eagerly*]. I am highly favoured by your invitation.

Madhavya [*aside*]. Excellent promoters of your design. They draw you by the neck, but not against your will.

Dushyanta. Raivataca, bid my charioteer bring my car, with my bow and quiver.

Chamberlain. I obey. [*He goes out.*]

Brahmans. Such condescension well becomes thee, who art a universal guardian.

Dushyanta. Go first, holy men: I will follow instantly.

Both. Be ever victorious!

[*They go out, followed by Dushyanta.*]

ACT III.

SCENE—THE HERMITAGE IN A GROVE.

Dushyanta. I well know the power of her devotion: that she will suffer none to dispose of her but Canna, I too well know. Yet my heart can no more return to its former placid state, than water can reascend the steep down which it has fallen. O God of Love, how can thy darts be so keen since they are pointed with flowers? Yes, I discover the reason of their keenness. They are tipped with the flames which the wrath of Hara kindled, and which blaze at this moment like the Barava fire under the waves: how else couldst thou, who wast consumed even to ashes, be still the inflamer of our souls? By thee and by the moon, though each of you seems worthy of confidence, we lovers are cruelly deceived. They who love as I do, ascribe flowery shafts to thee, and cool beams to the moon, with equal impropriety; for the moon sheds fire on them with her dewy rays, and thou pointest with sharp diamonds those arrows which seem to be barbed with blossoms. Yet this god, who bears a fish on his banners and who wounds me to the soul, will give me real delight if he destroy me with the aid of my beloved, whose eyes are large and beautiful as those of a roe!—O powerful divinity, even when I thus adore thy attributes, hast thou no compassion? Thy fire, O Love, is fanned into a blaze by a hundred of my vain thoughts. Does it become thee to draw thy bow even to thy ear, that the shaft, aimed at my bosom, may inflict a deeper wound?—Where now can I recreate my afflicted soul by the permission of those pious men whose uneasiness I

have removed by dismissing my train? [*Sighing.*] I can have no relief but from a sight of my beloved. [*Looking up.*] This intensely hot noon must, no doubt, be passed by Sakuntala with her damsels on the banks of this river over-shadowed with tamalas. It must be so—I will advance thither. [*Walking round and looking.*] My sweet friend has, I guess, been lately walking under that row of young trees; for I see the stalks of some flowers, which probably she gathered, still unshrivelled; and some fresh leaves, newly plucked, still dropping milk. [*Feeling a breeze.*] Ah! this bank has a delightful air. Here may the gale embrace me, wafting odours from the water-lilies, and cool my breast with the spray which it catches from the waves of the Malini river. [*Looking down.*] Happy lover, Sakuntala must be somewhere in this grove of flowering creepers; for I see on the yellow sand at the door of yon arbour some recent footsteps. I shall have a better view from behind this thick foliage. [*He conceals himself.*] Now are my eyes fully gratified. The darling of my heart, with her two faithful attendants, reposes on a smooth rock strewn with fresh flowers. These branches will hide me, whilst I hear their charming conversation.

[*He stands concealed, and gazes.*]

Sakuntala and her two damsels discovered.

Both [*fanning her*]. Say, beloved Sakuntala, does the breeze raised by our fans of broad lotus leaves refresh you?

Sakuntala [*mournfully*]. Why, alas, do my dear friends take this trouble?

[*Both look sorrowfully at each other.*]

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Ah! she seems much indisposed. What can have been the fatal cause of so violent a fever? Is it what my heart suggests? Or—[*Musing*]—I am perplexed with doubts. The medicine extracted from the balmy usira has been applied, I see, to her bosom: her only bracelet is made of thin filaments from the stalks of a water-lily, and even that is loosely bound on her arm. Yet, even thus disordered, she is exquisitely beautiful. Such are the hearts of the young. Love and the sun equally inflame us; but the scorching heat of summer leads not equally to happiness with the ardour of youthful desires.

Priyamvada [*aside to Anusuya*]. Did you not observe how the heart of Sakuntala was affected by the first sight of our pious monarch? My suspicion is, that her malady has no other cause.

Anusuya [*aside to Priyamvada*]. The same suspicion has risen in my mind. I will ask her at once. [*Aloud.*] My sweet Sakuntala, let me put one question to you. What has really occasioned your indisposition?

Dushyanta [*aside*]. She must now declare it! Ah, though her bracelets of lotus are bright as moonbeams, yet they are marked, I see, with black spots from internal ardour.

Sakuntala [*half raising herself*]. Oh! say what you suspect to have occasioned it.

Anusuya. Sakuntala, we must necessarily be ignorant of what is passing in your breast; but I suspect your case to be that we have often heard related in tales of love. Tell us openly what causes your illness. A physician, without knowing the cause of a disorder, cannot even begin to apply a remedy.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. I flatter myself with the same suspicion.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. My pain is intolerable, yet I cannot hastily disclose the cause of it.

Priyamvada. My sweet friend, Anusuya, speaks rationally. Consider the violence of your indisposition. Every day you will be more and more emaciated, though your exquisite beauty has not yet forsaken you.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Most true! Her forehead is parched; her neck droops; her waist is more slender than before; her shoulders languidly fall; her complexion is wan; she resembles a madhavi creeper whose leaves are dried by a sultry gale; yet, even thus transformed, she is lovely, and charms my soul.

Sakuntala [*sighing*]. What more can I say? Ah, why should I be the occasion of your sorrow?

Priyamvada. For that very reason, my beloved, we are solicitous to know your secret; since, when each of us has a share of your uneasiness, you will bear more easily your own portion of it.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Thus urged by two friends, who share her pains as well as her pleasures, she cannot fail to disclose the hidden cause of her malady; whilst I, on whom she looked at our first interview with marked affection, am filled with anxious desire to hear her answer.

Sakuntala. From the very instant when the accomplished prince, who has just given repose to our hallowed forest, met my eye——

[*She breaks off and looks modest.*]

Both. Speak on, beloved Sakuntala.

Sakuntala. From that instant my affection was un-

alterably fixed on him—and thence I am reduced to my present languor.

Anusuya. Fortunately your affection is placed on a man worthy of yourself.

Priyamvada. Oh! could a fine river have deserted the sea and flowed into a lake?

Dushyanta [*joyfully*]. That which I was eager to know, her own lips have told! Love was the cause of my distemper, and love has healed it; as a summer's day grown black with clouds, relieves all animals from the heat which itself has caused.

Sakuntala. If it be no disagreeable talk, contrive, I entreat you, some means by which I may find favour in the king's eyes.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. That request banishes all my cares, and gives me rapture even in my present uneasy situation.

Priyamvada [*aside to Anusuya*]. A remedy for her, my friend, will scarce be attainable. Exert all the powers of your mind, for her illness admits of no delay.

Anusuya [*aside to Priyamvada*]. By what expedient can her cure be both accelerated and kept secret?

Priyamvada [*as before*]. Oh, to keep it secret will be easy; but to attain it soon, almost insuperably difficult.

Anusuya [*as before*]. How so?

Priyamvada. The young king seemed, I admit, by his tender glances, to be enamoured of her at first sight; and he has been observed within these few days to be pale and thin, as if his passion had kept him long awake.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. So it has—this golden bracelet, sullied by the flame which preys on me, and which no dew mitigates but the tears gushing nightly from these

eyes, has fallen again on my wrist, and has been replaced on my emaciated arm.

Priyamvada [*aloud*]. I have a thought, Anusuya: let us write a love-letter, which I will conceal in a flower, and, under the pretext of making a respectful offering, deliver it myself into the king's hand.

Anusuya. An excellent contrivance! It pleases me highly—but what says our beloved Sakuntala?

Sakuntala. I must consider, my friend, the possible consequences of such a step.

Priyamvada. Think also of a verse or two, which may suit your passion, and be consistent with the character of a lovely girl born in an exalted family.

Sakuntala. I will think of them in due time; but my heart flutters with the apprehension of being rejected.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Here stands the man supremely blessed in thy presence, from whom, O timid girl, thou art apprehensive of a refusal! Here stands the man from whom, O beautiful maid, thou fearest rejection, though he loves thee distractedly. He who shall possess thee will seek no brighter gem.

Anusuya. You depreciate, Sakuntala, your own incomparable merits. What man in his senses would intercept with an umbrella the moonlight of an autumn, which alone can allay the fever caused by the heat of a noon?

Sakuntala [*smiling*]. I am engaged in thought.

[*She meditates.*]

Dushyanta. Thus then I fix my eyes on the lovely poetess, without closing them a moment, while she measures the feet of her verse: her forehead is gracefully moved in cadence, her whole aspect indicates pure affection.

Sakuntala. I have thought of a couplet; but we have no writing implements.

Priyamvada. Let us hear the words; and then I will mark them with my nail on this lotus leaf, soft and green as the breast of a young parroquet: it may easily be cut into the form of a letter. Repeat the verses.

Sakuntala. "Thy heart, indeed, I know not: but mine, oh, cruel, love warms by day and by night; and all my faculties are centred on thee."

Dushyanta [*hastily advancing, and pronouncing a verse in the same measure*]. "Thee, O slender maid, love only warms; but me he burns; as the day-star only stifles the fragrance of the night-flower, but quenches the very orb of the moon."

Anusuya [*looking at him joyfully*]. Welcome, great king; the fruit of my friend's imagination has ripened without delay.

[*Sakuntala expresses an inclination to rise.*]

Dushyanta. Give yourself no pain. Those delicate limbs, which repose on a couch of flowers, those arms, whose bracelets of lotus are disarranged by a slight pressure, and that sweet frame, which the hot noon seems to have disordered, must not be fatigued by ceremony.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. O my heart, canst thou not rest at length after all thy sufferings?

Anusuya. Let our sovereign take for his seat a part of the rock on which she reposes.

[*Sakuntala makes a little room.*]

Dushyanta [*seating himself*]. Priyamvada, is not the fever of your charming friend in some degree abated?

Priyamvada [*smiling*]. She has just taken a salutary

medicine, and will soon be restored to health. But, O mighty prince, as I am favoured by you and by her, my friendship for Sakuntala prompts me to converse with you for a few moments.

Dushyanta. Excellent damsel, speak openly; and suppress nothing.

Priyamvada. Our lord shall hear.

Dushyanta. I am attentive.

Priyamvada. By dispelling the alarms of our pious hermits you have discharged the duty of a great monarch.

Dushyanta. Oh! talk a little on other subjects.

Priyamvada. Then I must inform you that our beloved companion is enamoured of you, and has been reduced to her present languor by the resistless divinity, love. You only can preserve her inestimable life.

Dushyanta. Sweet Priyamvada, our passion is reciprocal; but it is I who am honoured.

Sakuntala [*smiling, with a mixture of affection and resentment*]. Why should you detain the virtuous monarch, who must be afflicted by so long an absence from the secret apartments of his palace?

Dushyanta. This heart of mine, oh! thou who art of all things the dearest to it, will have no object but thee, whose eyes enchant me with their black splendour, if thou wilt but speak in a milder strain. I, who was nearly slain by love's arrow, am destroyed by thy speech.

Anusuya [*laughing*]. Princes are said to have many favourite consorts. You must assure us, therefore, that our beloved friend shall not be exposed to affliction through our conduct.

Dushyanta. What need is there of many words? Let

there be ever so many women in my palace, I will have only two objects of perfect regard: the sea-girt earth, which I govern, and your sweet friend, whom I love.

Both. Our anxiety is dissipated.

[*Sakuntala strives in vain to conceal her joy.*]

Priyamvada [*aside to Anusuya*]. See how our friend recovers her spirits by little and little, as the peahen, oppressed by the summer's heat, is refreshed by a soft gale and a gentle shower.

Sakuntala [*to the damsels*]. Forgive, I pray, my offence in having used unmeaning words: they were uttered only for your amusement in return for your tender care of me.

Priyamvada. They were the occasion, indeed, of our serious advice. But it is the king who must forgive: who else is offended?

Sakuntala. The great monarch will, I trust, excuse what has been said either before him or in his absence. [*Aside to the damsels.*] Intercede with him, I entreat you.

Dushyanta [*smiling*]. I would cheerfully forgive any offence, lovely Sakuntala, if you, who have dominion over my heart, would allow me full room to sit beside you, and recover from my fatigue, on this flowery couch pressed by your delicate limbs.

Priyamvada. Allow him room; it will appease him and make him happy.

Sakuntala [*pretending anger, aside to Priyamvada*]. Be quiet, thou mischief-making girl. Dost thou sport with me in my present weak state?

Anusuya [*looking behind the scenes*]. O my Priyamvada, there is our favourite young antelope running wildly

and turning his eyes on all sides: he is, no doubt, seeking his mother, who has rambled in the wide forest. I must go and assist his search.

Priyamvada. He is very nimble, and you alone will never be able to confine him in one place. I must accompany you. [*Both going out.*]

Sakuntala. Alas! I cannot consent to your going far, I shall be left alone.

Both [*smiling*]. Alone! with the sovereign of the world by your side. [*They go out.*]

Sakuntala. How could my companions both leave me?

Dushyanta. Sweet maid, give yourself no concern. Am not I, who humbly solicit your favour, present in the room of them? [*Aside.*] I must declare my passion. [*Aloud.*] Why should not I, like them, wave this fan of lotus leaves, to raise cool breezes and dissipate your uneasiness? Why should not I, like them, lay softly in my lap those feet, red as water-lilies, and press them, O my charmer, to relieve your pain?

Sakuntala. I should offend against myself, by receiving homage from a person entitled to my respect.

[*She rises and walks slowly, through weakness.*]

Dushyanta. The noon, my love, is not yet passed; and your sweet limbs are weak. Having left that couch where fresh flowers covered your bosom, you can ill sustain this intense heat with so languid a frame.

[*He gently draws her back.*]

Sakuntala. Leave me, oh! leave me. I am not, indeed, my own mistress, or—the two damsels were only appointed to attend me. What can I do at present?

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Fear of displeasing her makes me bashful.

Sakuntala [*overhearing him*]. The king cannot give offence. It is my unhappy fate only that I accuse.

Dushyanta. Why should you accuse so favourable a destiny?

Sakuntala. How rather can I help blaming it, since it has permitted my heart to be affected by amiable qualities, without having left me at my own disposal?

Dushyanta [*aside*]. One would imagine that the charming sex, instead of being, like us, tormented with love, kept love himself within their hearts, to torment him with delay! [*Sakuntala going out.*]

Dushyanta [*aside*]. How, must I then fail of attaining felicity?

[*Following her and catching the skirt of her mantle.*]

Sakuntala [*turning back*]. Son of Puru, preserve thy reason; oh! preserve it. The hermits are busy on all sides of the grove.

Dushyanta. My charmer, your fear of them is vain. Canna himself, who is deeply versed in the science of law, will be no obstacle to our union. Many daughters of the holiest men have been married by the ceremony called Gandharva, as it is practised by Indra's band, and even their fathers have approved them. [*Looking round.*] What say you? are you still inflexible? Alas! I must then depart.

[*Going from her a few paces, then looking back.*]

Sakuntala [*moving also a few steps and then turning back her face*]. Though I have refused compliance, and have only allowed you to converse with me for a moment, yet, O son of Puru, let not Sakuntala be wholly forgotten.

Dushyanta. Enchanting girl, should you be removed

to the ends of the world, you will be fixed in this heart, as the shade of a lofty tree remains with it even when the day is departed.

Sakuntala [*going out, aside*]. Since I have heard his protestations my feet move, indeed, but without advancing. I will conceal myself behind these flowering curuvacas, and thence I shall see the results of his passion.

[*She hides herself behind the shrubs.*]

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Can you leave me, beloved Sakuntala—me, who am all affection? Could you not have tarried a single moment? Soft is your beautiful frame, and indicates a benevolent soul; yet your heart is obdurate: as the tender sirisha hangs on a hard stalk.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. I really have now lost the power of departing.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. What can I do in this retreat since my darling has left it? [*Musing and looking round.*] Ah! my departure is happily delayed. Here lies her bracelet of flowers, exquisitely pérfumed by the root of usira which had been spread on her bosom: it has fallen from her delicate wrist, and is become a new chain for my heart. [*Taking up the bracelet with reverence.*]

Sakuntala [*aside, looking at her hand*]. Ah me! such was my languor, that the filaments of lotus stalks which bound my arm dropped on the ground unperceived by me.

Dushyanta [*aside, placing it in his bosom*]. Oh, how delightful to the touch! From this ornament of your lovely arm, O my darling, though it be inanimate and senseless, your unhappy lover has regained confidence—a bliss which you refused to confer.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. I can stay here no longer. By this pretext I may return. [*Going slowly towards him.*]

Dushyanta [*with rapture*]. Ah! the empress of my soul again blesses these eyes. After all my misery I was destined to be favoured by indulgent heaven. The bird Chatac, whose throat was parched with thirst, supplicated for a drop of water, and suddenly a cool stream poured into his bill from the bounty of a fresh cloud.

Sakuntala. Mighty king, when I had gone half-way to the cottage, I perceived that my bracelet of thin stalks had fallen from my wrist; and I return because my heart is almost convinced that you must have seen and taken it. Restore it, I humbly entreat, lest you expose both yourself and me to the censure of the hermits.

Dushyanta. Yes, on one condition I will return it.

Sakuntala. On what condition? Speak.

Dushyanta. That I may replace it on the wrist to which it belongs.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. I have no alternative.

[*Approaching him.*]

Dushyanta. But in order to replace it, we must both be seated on that smooth rock. [*Both sit down.*]

Dushyanta [*taking her hand*]. O exquisite softness! This hand has regained its native strength and beauty, like a young shoot of camalata; or it resembles rather the God of Love himself, when, having been consumed by the fire of Hara's wrath, he was restored to life by a shower of nectar sprinkled by the immortals.

Sakuntala [*pressing his hand*]. Let the son of my lord make haste to tie on the bracelet.

Dushyanta [*aside, with rapture*]. Now I am truly blessed. That phrase, the son of my lord, is applied

only to a husband. [*Aloud.*] My charmer, the clasp of this bracelet is not easily loosened; it must be made to fit you better.

Sakuntala [*smiling*]. As you please.

Dushyanta [*quitting her hand*]. Look, my darling: this is the new moon which left the firmament in honour of superior beauty, and, having descended on your enchanting wrist, has joined both its horns round it in the shape of a bracelet.

Sakuntala. I really see nothing like a moon: the breeze, I suppose, has shaken some dust from the lotus flower behind my ears, and that has obscured my sight.

Dushyanta [*smiling*]. If you permit me, I will blow the fragrant dust from your eye.

Sakuntala. It would be a kindness; but I cannot trust you.

Dushyanta. Oh! fear not, fear not. A new servant never transgresses the command of his mistress.

Sakuntala. But a servant over-assiduous deserves no confidence.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. I will not let slip this charming occasion. [*Attempting to raise her head, Sakuntala faintly repels him but sits still.*] O damsel with an antelope's eyes, be not apprehensive of my indiscretion. [*Sakuntala looks up for a moment, and then bashfully drops her head—Dushyanta gently raising her head.*] That lip, the softness of which is imagined, not proved, seems to pronounce, with a delightful tremor, its permission for me to allay my thirst.

Sakuntala. The son of my lord seems inclined to break his promise.

Dushyanta. Beloved, I was deceived by the closeness of the lotus to that eye which equals it in brightness.

[*He blows gently on her eye.*]

Sakuntala. Well; now I see a prince who keeps his word as it becomes his imperial character. Yet I am really ashamed that no desert of mine entitles me to the kind service of my lord's son.

Dushyanta. What reward can I desire, except that which I consider as the greatest, the fragrance of your delicious lip?

Sakuntala. Will that content you?

Dushyanta. The bee is contented with the mere odour of the water-lily.

Sakuntala. If he were not he would get no remedy.

Dushyanta. Yet this, and this— [*Kissing her eagerly.*]

From behind the scenes. Hark! the chacravaca is calling her mate on the bank of the Malini: the night is beginning to spread her shades.

Sakuntala [*listening alarmed*]. O son of my lord, the matron Gautami approaches to inquire after my health. Hide yourself, I entreat, behind yon trees.

Dushyanta. I yield to necessity. [*He retires.*]

Gautami enters, with a vase in her hand.

Gautami [*looking anxiously at Sakuntala*]. My child, here is holy water for thee.—What! hast thou no companion here but the invisible gods; thou who art so much indisposed?

Sakuntala. Both Priyamvada and Anusuya are just gone down to the river.

Gautami [*sprinkling her*]. Is thy fever, my child, a little abated?

Sakuntala. Venerable matron, there is a change for the better.

Gautami. Then thou art in no danger. Mayst thou live many years! The day is departing: let us both go to the cottage.

Sakuntala [*aside, rising slowly*]. O my heart, no sooner hadst thou begun to taste happiness, than the occasion slipped away! [*She advances a few steps, and returns to the arbour.*] O bower of twining plants, by whom my sorrows have been dispelled, on thee I call; ardently hoping to be once more happy under thy shade.

[*She goes out with Gautami.*]

Dushyanta [*returning to the bower and sighing*]. Thus my foolish heart forms resolutions, and is distracted by the sudden interruption of its happiness. Why did it ever allow me to quit, without effect, the presence of my beloved? [*He goes out.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE—A LAWN BEFORE THE COTTAGE.

The two damsels are discovered gathering flowers.

Anusuya. O my Priyamvada, though our sweet friend has been happily married, according to the rites of Gandharvas, to a bridegroom equal in rank and accomplishments, yet my affectionate heart is not wholly free from care; and one doubt gives me particular uneasiness.

Priyamvada. What doubt, my Anusuya?

Anusuya. This morning the pious prince was dis-

missed with gratitude by our hermits, who had then completed their mystic rites: he is now gone to his capital, Hastinapura, where, surrounded by a hundred women in the recesses of his palace, it may be doubted whether he will remember his charming bride.

Priyamvada. In that respect you may be quite easy. Men, so well-informed and well-educated as he, can never be utterly destitute of honour. We have another thing to consider. When our father Canna shall return from his pilgrimage, and shall hear what has passed, I cannot tell how he may receive the intelligence.

Anusuya. If you ask my opinion, he will, I think, approve of the marriage.

Priyamvada. Why do you think so?

Anusuya. Because he could desire nothing better than that a husband so accomplished and so exalted should take Sakuntala by the hand. It was, you know, the declared object of his heart that she might be suitably married; and, since Heaven has done for him what he most wished to do, how can he possibly be dissatisfied?

Priyamvada. You reason well; but—— [*Looking at her basket.*] My friend, we have plucked a sufficient store of flowers to scatter over the place of sacrifice.

Anusuya. Let us gather more to decorate the temples of the goddesses who have procured for Sakuntala so much good fortune. [*They both gather more flowers.*]

From behind the scenes. It is I—Hola!

Anusuya. I hear the voice, as it seems, of a guest arrived in the hermitage.

Priyamvada. Let us hasten thither. Sakuntala is now reposing; but though we may, when she wakes, enjoy her

presence, yet her mind will all day be absent with her departed lord.

Anusuya. Be it so; but we have occasion, you know, for all these flowers.

Again from behind the scenes. How! dost thou show no attention to a guest? Then hear my imprecations: "He on whom thou art meditating, on whom alone thy heart is now fixed, while thou neglectest a pure gem of devotion who demands hospitality, shall forget thee when thou seest him next, as a man restored to sobriety forgets the words which he uttered in a state of intoxication."

[*Both damsels look at each other with affliction.*]

Priyamvada. Woe is me! Dreadful calamity! Our beloved friend has, through mere absence of mind, provoked by her neglect some holy man who expected reverence.

Anusuya [*looking*]. It must be so; for the choleric Durvasas is going hastily back.

Priyamvada. Who else has power to consume like raging fire, whatever offends him? Go, my Anusuya; fall at his feet and persuade him, if possible, to return: in the meantime I will prepare water and refreshments for him.

Anusuya. I go with eagerness. [*She goes out.*]

Priyamvada [*advancing hastily, her foot slips*]. Ah, through my eager haste I have let the basket fall; and my religious duties must not be postponed.

[*She gathers fresh flowers.*]

Anusuya enters.

Anusuya. His wrath, my beloved, passes all bounds—

who living could now appease him by the humblest protestations or entreaties? Yet at last he a little relented.

Priyamvada. That little is a great deal for him. But inform me how you soothed him in any degree.

Anusuya. When he positively refused to come back, I threw myself at his feet and thus addressed him: "Holy sage, forgive, I entreat, the offence of an amiable girl, who has the highest veneration for you, but was ignorant through distraction of mind, how exalted a personage was calling her."

Priyamvada. What then? What said he?

Anusuya. He answered thus: "My word must not be recalled; but the spell which it has raised shall be wholly removed when her lord shall see his ring." Saying this, he disappeared.

Priyamvada. We may now have confidence; for before the monarch departed he fixed with his own hand on the finger of Sakuntala the ring, on which we saw the name Dushyanta engraved, which we will instantly recognise. On him, therefore, alone will depend the remedy for our misfortune.

Anusuya. Come, let us now proceed to the shrines of the goddesses, and implore their succour.

[*Both advance.*]

Priyamvada [*looking*]. See, my Anusuya, where our beloved friend sits, motionless as a picture, supporting her languid head with her left hand. With a mind so intent on one object, she can pay no attention to herself, much less to a stranger.

Anusuya. Let the horrid imprecation, Priyamvada, remain a secret between us two: we must spare the

feelings of our beloved, who is naturally susceptible of quick emotions.

Priyamvada. Who would pour boiling water on the blossom of a tender mallica? [*Both go out.*]

A Pupil of Canna enters.

Pupil. I am ordered by the venerable Canna, who is returned from the place of his pilgrimage, to observe the time of the night, and am, therefore, come forth to see how much remains of it.

On one side the moon, who kindles the flowers of ashadhi, has nearly sunk in his western bed; and, on the other, the sun, seated behind his charioteer Arun, is beginning his course: the lustre of them both is conspicuous, when they rise and when they set; and by their example should men be equally firm in prosperous and in adverse fortune. The moon has now disappeared, and the night-flower pleases no more: it leaves only a remembrance of its odour, and languishes like a tender bride whose pain is intolerable in the absence of her beloved. The ruddy morn impurples the dewdrops on the branches of yonder vadari; the peacock, shaking off sleep, hastens from the cottages of hermits interwoven with holy grass; and yonder antelope, springing hastily from the place of sacrifice, which is marked with his hoofs, raises himself on high, and stretches his graceful limbs. How is the moon fallen from the sky with diminished beams! the moon who had set his foot on the head of Sumeru, king of mountains, and had climbed, scattering the rear of darkness, even to the central palace of Vishnu. Thus do great men of this world ascend with extreme labour to the summit of ambition, but easily and quickly fall!

Anusuya enters, meditating.

Anusuya [*aside*]. Such has been the affection of Sakuntala, though she was bred in austere devotion, averse from sensual enjoyments. How unkind was the king to leave her!

Pupil [*aside*]. The time is come for performing the homa: I must apprise our preceptor of it. [*He goes out.*]

Anusuya. The shades of night are dispersed, and I am hardly awake; but were I ever so perfectly in my senses, what could I now do? My hands move not readily to the usual occupations of the morning. Let the blame be cast on love, on love only, by whom our friend has been reduced to her present condition, through a monarch who has broken his word. Or does the imprecation of Durvasas already prevail? How else could a virtuous king, who made so solemn an engagement, have suffered so long a time to elapse without sending a message? Shall we convey the fatal ring to him? Or what expedient can be suggested for the relief of this incomparable girl, who mourns without ceasing? Yet what fault has she committed? With all my zeal for her happiness, I cannot summon courage enough to inform our father Canna that she is pregnant. When then, oh! what step can I take to relieve her anxiety?

Priyamvada enters.

Priyamvada. Come, Anusuya, come quickly. They are making suitable preparations for conducting Sakuntala to her husband's palace.

Anusuya [*with surprise*]. What say you, my friend?

Priyamvada. Hear me. I went just now to Sakuntala, meaning only to ask her if she had slept well——

Anusuya. What then?

Priyamvada. She was sitting with her head bent on her knee, when our father Canna, entering her apartment, embraced and congratulated her. "My sweet child," said he, "there has been a happy omen: the young Brahman who officiated in our morning sacrifice, though his sight was impeded by clouds of smoke, dropped the clarified butter into the very centre of the adorable flame. Now, since the pious act of my pupil has prospered, my foster-child must not be suffered any longer to languish in sorrow; and this day I am determined to send thee from the cottage of the old hermit who bred thee up, to the palace of the monarch who has taken thee by the hand."

Anusuya. My friend, who told Canna what passed in his absence?

Priyamvada. When he entered the place where the holy fire was blazing he heard a voice from heaven pronouncing divine measures——

Anusuya. Ah! you surprise me.

Priyamvada. Hear the celestial verse: "Know thou thy adopted daughter, O pious Brahman, has received from Dushyanta a ray of glory destined to rule the world; as the wood sami becomes pregnant with mysterious fire."

Anusuya [*embracing Priyamvada*]. I am delighted, my beloved; I am transported with joy! But, since they mean to deprive us of our friend so soon as to-day, I feel that my delight is at least equalled by my sorrow.

Priyamvada. Oh! we must submit patiently to the anguish of parting. Our beloved friend will now be happy; and that should console us.

Anusuya. Let us now make haste to dress her in bridal

array. I have already, for that purpose, filled the shell of a cocoa-nut, which you see fixed on an amra tree, with the fragrant dust of magacesaras: take it down, and keep it in a fresh lotus-leaf, whilst I collect some gorachana from the forehead of a sacred cow, some fresh cusa grass, some earth from consecrated ground, of which I will make a paste to ensure good fortune.

Priyamvada. By all means.

[*She takes down the perfume; Anusuya goes out.*]

From behind the scenes. O Gautami, bid the two Misras, Sarngarava and Saradwata, make ready to accompany my child Sakuntala.

Priyamvada [*listening*]. Lose no time, Anusuya; our father Canna is giving orders for the intended journey to Hastinapura.

Anusuya re-enters, with the ingredients of her charm.

Anusuya. I am here; let us go, my Priyamvada.

[*They both advance.*]

Priyamvada [*looking*]. There stands our Sakuntala, after her bath at sunrise, while many holy women, who are congratulating her, carry baskets of hallowed grain. Let us hasten to greet her.

Enter Sakuntala, Gautami, and female hermits.

Sakuntala. I prostrate myself before the goddess.

Gautami. My child, thou canst not pronounce too often the word goddess: thus wilt thou procure great felicity for thy lord.

Hermit. Mayst thou, O royal bride, be delivered of a hero. [*The hermits go out.*]

Both damsels [*approaching Sakuntala*]. Beloved friend, was your bath pleasant?

Sakuntala. O my friends, you are welcome; let us sit a while together [*They seat themselves.*]

Anusuya. Now you must be patient, whilst I bind on a charm to secure your happiness.

Sakuntala. That is kind. Much has been decided this day; and the pleasure of being thus attended by my sweet friends will not soon return. [*Wiping off her tears.*]

Priyamvada. Beloved, it is unbecoming to weep at a time when you are going to be so happy. [*Both damsels burst into tears as they dress her.*] Your elegant person deserves richer apparel: it is now decorated with such rude flowers as we could procure in this forest.

Canna's pupil enters, with rich clothes.

Pupil. Here is a complete dress. Let the queen wear it auspiciously; and may her life be long!

[*The women look with astonishment.*]

Gautami. My son, Harita, whence came this apparel?

Pupil. From the devotion of our father Canna.

Gautami. What dost thou mean?

Pupil. Be attentive. The venerable sage gave this order: "Bring fresh flowers for Sakuntala from the most beautiful trees;" and suddenly the wood-nymphs appeared, raising their hands, which rivalled new leaves in beauty and softness. Some of them wove a lower mantle bright as the moon, the presage of her felicity; another pressed the juice of lacsha to stain her feet exquisitely red; the rest were busied in forming the gayest ornaments; and they eagerly showered their gifts on us.

Priyamvada [*looking at Sakuntala*]. Thus it is, that even the bee, whose nest is within the hollow trunk, does homage to the honey of the lotus-flower.

Gautami. The nymphs must have been commissioned by the goddess of the king's fortune, to predict the accession of brighter ornaments in his palace.

[*Sakuntala looks modest.*]

Pupil. I must hasten to Canna, who is gone to bathe in the Malini, and let him know the signal kindness of the wood-nymphs. [*He goes out.*]

Anusuya. My sweet friend, I little expected so splendid a dress. How shall I adjust it properly? [*Considering.*] Oh, my skill in painting will supply me with some hints; and I will dispose the drapery according to art.

Sakuntala. I well know your affection for him.

Canna enters, meditating

Canna [*aside*]. This day must Sakuntala depart: that is resolved; yet my soul is smitten with anguish. My speech is interrupted by a torrent of tears, which my reason suppresses and turns inward; my very sight is dimmed. Strange that the affliction of a forester, retired from the haunts of men, should be so excessive! Oh, with what pangs must they who are fathers of families be afflicted on the departure of a daughter!

[*He walks round, musing.*]

Priyamvada. Now, my Sakuntala, you are becomingly decorated: put on this lower vest, the gift of sylvan goddesses. [*Sakuntala puts on the vest.*]

Gautami. My child, thy spiritual father, whose eyes overflow with tears of joy, stands desiring to embrace thee. Hasten, therefore, to do him reverence.

[*Sakuntala modestly bows to him.*]

Canna. Mayst thou be cherished by thy husband, as Sarmishtha was cherished by Yayati! Mayst thou

bring forth a sovereign of the world, as she brought forth Puru!

Gautami. This, my child, is not a mere benediction; it is a boon actually conferred.

Canna. My best beloved, come and walk with me round the sacrificial fire. [*They all advance.*] May these fires preserve thee! Fires which spring to their appointed stations on the holy hearth, and consume the consecrated wood, while the fresh blades of mysterious cusa lie scattered round them! Sacramental fires, which destroy sin with the rising fumes of clarified butter. [*Sakuntala walks with solemnity round the hearth.*] Now set out, my darling, on thy auspicious journey. [*Looking round.*] Where are the attendants, the two Misras?

Enter Sarngarava and Saradwata.

Both. Holy sage, we are here.

Canna. My son, Sarngarava, show thy sister her way.

Sarngarava. Come, damsel. [*They all advance.*]

Canna. Hear, all ye trees of this hallowed forest; ye trees, in which the sylvan goddesses have their abode; hear and proclaim that Sakuntala is going to the palace of her wedded lord; she who drank not, though thirsty, before you were watered; she who cropped not, through affection for you, one of your fresh leaves, though she would have been pleased with such an ornament for her locks; she whose chief delight was in the season when your branches are spangled with flowers!

Chorus of invisible wood-nymphs. May her way be attended with prosperity! May propitious breezes sprinkle, for her delight, the dust of rich blossoms! May pools of clear water, green with the leaves of the

lotus, refresh her as she walks, and may shady branches be her defence from the scorching sunbeams!

Sarngarava. Was that the voice of the cocila wishing a happy journey to Sakuntala? Or did the nymphs, who are allied to the pious inhabitants of these woods, repeat the warbling of the musical bird, and make the greeting their own?

Gautami. Daughter, the sylvan goddesses, who love their kindred hermits, have wished you prosperity, and are entitled to humble thanks.

[*Sakuntala walks round, bowing to the nymphs.*]

Sakuntala [*aside to Priyamvada*]. Delighted as I am, O Priyamvada, with the thought of seeing again the son of my lord, yet, on leaving this grove, my early asylum, I am scarce able to walk.

Priyamvada. You lament not alone. Mark the affliction of the forest itself when the time of your departure approaches! The female antelope browses no more on the collected cusa grass, and the peahen ceases to dance on the lawn; the very plants of the grove whose pale leaves fall on the ground, lose their strength and their beauty.

Sakuntala. Venerable father, suffer me to address this madhavi creeper, whose red blossoms inflame the grove.

Canna. My child, I know thy affection for it.

Sakuntala [*embracing the plant*]. O most radiant of twining plants, receive my embraces, and return them with thy flexible arms: from this day, though removed to a fatal distance, I shall for ever be thine. O beloved father, consider this creeper as myself.

Canna. My darling, thy amiable qualities have gained thee a husband equal to thyself: such an event has been

long, for thy sake, the cherished object of my heart; and now, since my solicitude for thy marriage is at an end, I will marry thy favourite plant to the bridegroom amra, who sheds fragrance near her. Proceed, my child, on thy journey.

Sakuntala [*approaching the two damsels*]. Sweet friends, let this madhavi creeper be a precious deposit in your hands.

Anusuya and Priyamvada. Alas! in whose care shall we be left? [*They both weep.*]

Canna. Tears are vain, Anusuya. Our Sakuntala ought rather to be supported by your firmness, than weakened by your weeping. [*All advance.*]

Sakuntala. Father! when yon female antelope, who now moves slowly from the weight of the young ones with which she is pregnant, shall be delivered of them, send me, I beg, a kind message with tidings of her safety. Do not forget.

Canna. My beloved, I will not forget it.

Sakuntala [*advancing, then stopping*]. Ah! what is it that clings to the skirts of my robe and detains me? [*She turns round and looks.*]

Canna. It is thy adopted child, the little fawn, whose mouth, when the sharp points of cusa grass had wounded it, has been so often smeared by thy hand with the healing oil of ingudi; who has been so often fed by thee with a handful of syamaka grains, and now will not leave the footsteps of his protectress.

Sakuntala. Why dost thou weep, tender fawn, for me, who must leave our common dwelling-place? As thou wast reared by me when thou hadst lost thy mother, who died soon after thy birth, so will my foster-father attend

thee, when we are separated, with anxious care. Return, poor thing, return: we must part.

[*She bursts into tears.*]

Canna. Thy tears, my child, ill suit the occasion; we shall all meet again: be firm: see the direct road before thee and follow it. When the big tear lurks beneath thy beautiful eyelashes, let thy resolution check its first efforts to disengage itself. In thy passage over this earth, where the paths are now high, now low, and the true path seldom distinguished, the traces of thy feet must needs be unequal; but virtue will press thee right onward.

Sarngarava. It is a sacred rule, holy sage, that a benevolent man should accompany a traveller till he meet with abundance of water, and that rule you have carefully observed: we are now near the brink of a large pool. Give us, therefore, your commands, and return.

Canna. Let us rest a while under the shade of this vata tree. [*They all go to the shade.*] What message can I send with propriety to the noble Dushyanta?

[*He meditates.*]

Anusuya [*aside to Sakuntala*]. My beloved friend, every heart in our asylum is fixed on you alone, and all are afflicted by your departure. Look: the bird chacravaca, called by his mate, who is almost hidden by water-lilies, gives her no answer; but having dropped from his bill the fibres of lotus stalks which he had plucked, gazes on you with inexpressible tenderness.

Canna. My son Sarngarava, remember when thou shalt present Sakuntala to the king, to address him thus, in my name: "Considering us hermits as virtuous, indeed, but rich only in devotion, and considering also thy own exalted birth, retain thy love for this girl, which

arose in thy bosom without any interference of her kindred; and look on her among thy wives with the same kindness which they experience: more than that cannot be demanded; since particular affection must depend on the will of heaven."

Sarngarava. Your message, venerable man, is deeply rooted in my remembrance.

Canna [*looking tenderly at Sakuntala*]. Now, my darling, thou too must be gently admonished. We, who are humble foresters, are yet acquainted with the world which we have forsaken.

Sarngarava. Nothing can be unknown to the wise.

Canna. Hear, my daughter. When thou art settled in the mansion of thy husband, show due reverence to him and to those whom he reveres: though he have other wives, be rather an affectionate handmaid to them than a rival. Should he displease thee, let not thy resentment lead thee to disobedience. In thy conduct to the domestics be rigidly just and impartial, and seek not eagerly thy own gratifications. By such behaviour young women become respectable, but perverse wives are the bane of a family. What thinks Gautami of this lesson?

Gautami. It is incomparable. My child, be sure to remember it.

Canna. Come, my beloved girl, give a parting embrace to me and to thy tender companions.

Sakuntala. Must Anusuya and Priyamvadi return to the hermitage?

Canna. They too, my child, must be suitably married; and it would not be proper for them yet to visit the city: but Gautami will accompany thee.

Sakuntala [*embracing him*]. Removed from the bosom of my father, like a young sandal tree rent from the hills of Malaya, how shall I exist in a strange soil?

Canna. Be not so anxious. When thou shalt be mistress of a family and consort of a king, thou mayest, indeed, be occasionally perplexed by the intricate affairs which arise from exuberance of wealth, but wilt then think lightly of this affliction, especially when thou shalt have a son (and a son thou wilt have) bright as the rising day-star! Know also with certainty that the body must necessarily, at the appointed moment, be separated from the soul; who then can be immoderately afflicted when the weaker bonds of extrinsic relations are loosened, or even broken?

Sakuntala [*falling at his feet*]. My father, I thus humbly declare my veneration for you.

Canna. Excellent girl, may my effort for thy happiness prove successful.

Sakuntala [*approaching her two companions*]. Come, then, my beloved friends, embrace me together.

[*They embrace her.*]

Anusuya. My friend, if the virtuous monarch should not at once recollect you, only show him the ring on which his own name is engraved.

Sakuntala [*starting*]. My heart flutters at the bare apprehension which you have raised.

Priyamvada. Fear not, sweet Sakuntala: love always raises ideas of misery, which are seldom or never realised.

Sarngarava. Holy sage, the sun has risen to a considerable height: let the queen hasten her departure.

Sakuntala [*again embracing Canna*]. When, my father, oh! when again shall I behold this asylum of virtue?

Canna. Daughter, when thou shalt long have been wedded, like this fruitful earth, to the pious monarch, and shalt have borne him a son, whose car shall be matchless in battle, thy lord shall transfer to him the burden of empire, and thou, with thy Dushyanta, shalt again seek tranquillity before thy final departure, in this loved and consecrated grove.

Gautami. My child, the proper time for our journey passes away rapidly; suffer thy father to return. Go, venerable man, go back to thy mansion, from which she is doomed to be so long absent.

Canna. Sweet child, this delay interrupts my religious duties.

Sakuntala. You, my father, will perform them long without sorrow; but I, alas! am destined to bear affliction.

Canna. O my daughter, compel me not to neglect my daily devotions. No, my sorrow will not be diminished. Can it cease, my beloved, when the plants which rise luxuriantly from the hallowed grains which thy hand has strewn before my cottage, are continually in my sight? Go: may thy journey prosper!

[*Sakuntala goes out with Gautami and the two Misras.*]

Both Damsels [*looking after Sakuntala with anguish*]. Alas! alas! our beloved is hidden by the thick trees.

Canna. My children, since your friend is at length departed, check your immoderate grief, and follow me.

[*They all turn back.*]

Both. Holy father, the grove will be a perfect vacuity without Sakuntala.

Canna. Your affection will certainly give it that appear-

ance. [*He walks round, meditating.*] Ah me! Yes, at last my weak mind has attained its due firmness after the departure of my Sakuntala. In truth, a daughter must sooner or later be the property of another; and having now sent her to her lord, I find my soul clear and undisturbed, like that of a man who has restored to its owner an inestimable deposit which he long had kept with solicitude. [*They go out.*]

ACT V.

SCENE—THE PALACE.

Enter the Chamberlain.

Chamberlain. Alas! what a decrepit old age have I attained. This wand, which I first held for the discharge of my duties, is now my support. Oh! I must now mention to the king, as he goes through the Palace, an event which concerns himself: it must not be delayed. What is it? Oh! I recollect: the devout pupils of Canna desire an audience.

Enter Dushyanta.

Chamberlain [*advancing humbly*]. May our sovereign be victorious! Two religious men, with some women, are come from their abode in a forest near the Snowy Mountains, and bring a message from Canna. The king will command.

Dushyanta. What! Are pious hermits arrived in the company of women?

Chamberlain. It is even so.

Dushyanta. Order the priest Somarata, in my name, to show them due reverence in the form appointed by the Veda; and bid him attend me. I shall wait for my holy guests in a place fit for their reception.

Chamberlain. I obey. [*He goes out.*]

Dushyanta. Warder, point the way to the hearth of the consecrated fire.

Warder. This, O king, is the way. [*He walks before.*] Here is the entrance of the hallowed enclosure; and there stands the venerable cow to be milked for the sacrifice, looking bright from the recent sprinkling of mystic water. Let the king ascend.

[*Dushyanta is raised to the place of sacrifice on the shoulders of his warders.*]

Dushyanta. What message can the pious Canna have sent me? Has the devotion of his pupils been impeded by evil spirits, or by what other calamity? Or has any harm, alas, befallen the poor herds which graze in the hallowed forests? Or have the sins of the king tainted the flowers and fruits of the creepers? My mind is entangled in a labyrinth of confused apprehensions.

Warder. What our sovereign imagines cannot possibly have happened; since the hermitage has been rendered secure from evil by the mere sound of his bowstring. The pious men whom the king's benevolence has made happy, are come, I presume, to do him homage.

Enter Sarngarava, Saradwata, and Gautami leading Sakuntala by the hand; and before them the old Chamberlain and the Priest.

Chamberlain. This way, respectable strangers; come this way.

Sarngarava. My friend Saradwata, there sits the king of men, who has felicity at command, yet shows equal respect to all: here no subject, even of the lowest class, is received with contempt. Nevertheless, my soul having ever been free from attachment to worldly things, I consider this hearth, although a crowd now surround it, as the station merely of consecrated fire.

Saradwata. I was not less confounded than yourself on entering the populous city; but now I look on it as a man just bathed in pure water on a man smeared with oil and dust, as the pure on the impure, as the waking on the sleeping, as the free man on the captive, as the independent on the slave.

Priest. Thence it is, that men, like you two, are so elevated above other mortals.

Sakuntala [*perceiving a bad omen*]. Venerable matron, I feel my right eye throb. What means this involuntary motion?

Gautami. Heaven avert the omen, my sweet child. May every delight attend thee! [*They all advance.*]

Priest [*showing the king to them*]. There, holy men, is the protector of the people; who has taken his seat and expects you.

Sarngarava. This is what we wished; yet we have no private interest in the business. It is ever thus: trees are bent by the abundance of their fruit; clouds are brought low when they teem with salubrious rain; and the real benefactors of mankind are not elated by riches.

Warder. O king, the holy guests appear before you with placid looks, indicating their affection.

Dushyanta [*gazing at Sakuntala*]. Ah! what damsel

is that, whose mantle conceals the far greater part of her beautiful form? She looks among the hermits like a fresh green bud among faded and yellow leaves.

Sakuntala [*aside, with her hand to her bosom*]. O my heart, why dost thou palpitate? Remember the beginning of thy lord's affection, and be tranquil.

Priest. May the king prosper! The respectable guests have been honoured as the law ordains; and they have now a message to deliver from their spiritual guide: let the king deign to hear it.

Dushyanta [*with reverence*]. I am attentive.

Both Misras [*extending their hands*]. Victory attend thy banners!

Dushyanta. I respectfully greet you both.

Both. Blessings on our sovereign!

Dushyanta. Has your devotion been interrupted?

Sarngarava. How should our rites be disturbed, when thou art the preserver of all creatures? How, when the bright sun blazes, should darkness cover the world?

Dushyanta [*aside*]. The name of royalty produces, I suppose, all worldly advantages. [*Aloud.*] Does the holy Canna then prosper?

Sarngarava. O king, they who gather the fruits of devotion may command prosperity. He first inquires affectionately whether thy arms are successful, and then addresses thee in these words——

Dushyanta. What are his orders?

Sarngarava. "The contract of marriage, reciprocally made between thee and this girl, my daughter, I confirm with tender regard; since thou art celebrated as the most honourable of men, and my Sakuntala is Virtue herself in a human form, no blasphemous complaint

will henceforth be made against Brahma for suffering discordant matches: he has now united a bride and a bridegroom with qualities equally transcendent Since, therefore, she is pregnant by thee, receive her in thy palace, that she may perform, in conjunction with thee, the duties prescribed by religion."

Gautami. Great king, thou hast a mild aspect; and I wish to address thee in few words.

Dushyanta [*smiling*]. Speak, venerable matron.

Gautami. She waited not the return of her spiritual father; nor were thy kindred consulted by thee. You two only were present when your nuptials were solemnised: now, therefore, converse freely together in the absence of all others.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. What will my lord say?

Dushyanta [*aside, perplexed*]. How strange an adventure!

Sakuntala [*aside*]. Ah me! how disdainfully he seems to receive the message.

Sarngarava [*aside*]. What means that phrase I overheard, "How strange an adventure"? [*Aloud.*] Monarch, thou knowest the hearts of men. Let a wife behave ever so discreetly, the world will think ill of her, if she live only with her paternal kinsmen; and a lawful wife now requests, as her kindred also humbly entreat, that whether she be loved or not, she may pass her days in the mansion of her husband.

Dushyanta. What sayest thou? Am I the lady's husband!

Sakuntala [*aside, with anguish*]. O my heart, thy fears have proved just.

Sarngarava. Does it become a magnificent prince to

depart from the rules of religion and honour, merely because he repents of his engagements?

Dushyanta. With what hope of success could this groundless fable have been invented?

Sarngarava [*angrily*]. The minds of those whom power intoxicates are perpetually changing.

Dushyanta. I am reproved with too great severity.

Gautami [*to Sakuntala*]. Be not ashamed, my sweet child: let me take off thy mantle, that the king may recollect thee. [*She unveils her.*]

Dushyanta [*aside, looking at Sakuntala*]. While I am doubtful whether this unblemished beauty which is displayed before me, has not been possessed by another, I resemble a bee fluttering at the close of night over a blossom filled with dew; and in this state of mind, I neither can enjoy nor forsake her.

Warder [*aside to Dushyanta*]. The king best knows his rights and his duties; but who would hesitate when a woman, bright as a gem, brings lustre to the apartments of his palace?

Sarngarava. What, O king, does thy strange silence import?

Dushyanta. Holy man, I have been meditating again and again, but have no recollection of my marriage with this lady. How then can I lay aside all consideration of my military tribe, and admit into my palace a young woman who is pregnant by another husband?

Sakuntala [*aside*]. Ah, woe is me! Can there be a doubt even of our nuptials? The tree of my hope, which has risen so luxuriantly, is at once broken down.

Sarngarava. Beware, lest the godlike sage, who would have bestowed on thee, as a free gift, his inestimable

6

treasure, which thou hadst taken, like a base robber, should now cease to think of thee, who art lawfully married to his daughter, and should confine all his thoughts to her whom thy perfidy disgraces.

Saradwata. Rest a while, Sarngarava; and thou, Sakuntala, take thy turn to speak; since thy lord has declared his forgetfulness.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. If his affection has ceased, of what use will it be to recall his remembrance of me? Yet, if my soul must endure torment, be it so; I will speak to him. [*Aloud to Dushyanta.*] O my husband—[*pausing*]—or (if the just application of that sacred word be still doubted by thee) O son of Puru, is it becoming, that, having been once enamoured of me in the consecrated forest, and having shown the excess of thy passion, thou shouldst this day deny me with bitter expressions?

Dushyanta [*covering his ears*]. Be the crime removed from my soul. Thou hast been instructed for some base purpose to vilify me, and make me fall from the dignity which I have hitherto supported; as a river which has burst its banks and altered its placid current, overthrows the trees that had risen aloft on them.

Sakuntala. If thou sayest this merely from want of recollection, I will restore thy memory by producing thy own ring, with thy name engraved on it.

Dushyanta. A capital invention!

Sakuntala [*looking at her finger*]. Ah me! I have no ring.

Gautami. The fatal ring must have dropped, my child, from thy hand, when thou tookest up water to pour on thy head in the pool of Sachitirt'ha, near the station of Sacravatara.

Dushyanta [*smiling*]. So skilful are women in finding ready excuses?

Sakuntala. The power of Brahma must prevail: I will yet mention one circumstance.

Dushyanta. I must submit to hear the tale.

Sakuntala. One day, in a grove of vetasas, thou tookest water in thy hand from its natural vase of lotus leaves——

Dushyanta. What followed?

Sakuntala. At that instant a little fawn, which I had reared as my own child, approached thee; and thou saidst with benevolence: "Drink thou first, gentle fawn." He would not drink from the hand of a stranger, but received water eagerly from mine; when thou saidst, with increasing affection: "Thus every creature loves its companions; you are both foresters alike, and both alike amiable."

Dushyanta. By such interested and honeyed falsehoods are the souls of voluptuaries ensnared.

Gautami. Forbear, illustrious prince, to speak harshly. She was bred in a sacred grove where she learned no guile.

Dushyanta. Pious matron, the dexterity of females, even when they are untaught, appears in those of a species different from our own. What would it be if they were duly instructed! The female cocilas, before they fly towards the firmament, leave their eggs to be hatched, and their young fed, by birds who have no relation to them.

Sakuntala. O void of honour, thou measurest all the world with thy own bad heart. What prince ever resembled, or ever will resemble, thee, who wearest the

garb of religion and virtue, but in truth art a base deceiver; like a deep well whose mouth is covered with smiling plants.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. The rusticity of her education makes her speak thus angrily and inconsistently with female decorum. She looks indignant; her eyes glow; and her speech, formed of harsh terms, falters as she utters them. Her lip, ruddy as the bimba fruit, quivers as if it were nipped with frost; and her eyebrows, naturally smooth and equal, are at once irregularly contracted. Thus having failed in circumventing me by the apparent lustre of simplicity, she has recourse to wrath and snaps in two the bow of Cama, which, if she had not belonged to another, might have wounded me. [*Aloud.*] The heart of Dushyanta, young woman, is known to all; and thine is betrayed by thy present demeanour.

Sakuntala [*ironically*]. You kings are in all cases to be credited implicitly; you perfectly know the respect which is due to virtue and to mankind; while females, however modest, however virtuous, know nothing, and speak nothing truly. In a happy hour I came hither to seek the object of my affection: in a happy moment I received the hand of a prince descended from Puru; a prince who had won my confidence by the honey of his words, whilst his heart concealed the weapon that was to pierce mine.

Sarngarava. This insufferable mutability of the king's temper kindles my wrath. Henceforth let all be circumspect before they form secret connections: a friendship hastily contracted, when both hearts are not perfectly known, must ere long become enmity.

Dushyanta. Wouldst thou force me then to commit an enormous crime, relying solely on her smooth speeches?

Sarngarava [*scornfully*]. Thou hast heard an answer. The words of an incomparable girl, who never learned what iniquity was, are here to receive no credit; while they whose learning consists of accusing others, and inquiring into crimes, are the only persons who speak truth.

Dushyanta. O man of unimpeached veracity, I certainly am what thou describest; but what would be gained by accusing thy female associate?

Sarngarava. Eternal misery.

Dushyanta. No; misery will never be the portion of Puru's descendants.

Sarngarava. What avails our altercation? O king, we have obeyed the commands of our preceptor, and now return. Sakuntala is by law thy wife, whether thou desert or acknowledge her; and the dominion of a husband is absolute. Go before us, Gautami.

[*The two Misras and Gautami retiring.*]

Sakuntala. I have been deceived by this perfidious man; but will you, my friends, will you also forsake me?

[*Following them.*]

Gautami [*looking back*]. My son, Sakuntala follows us with affectionate supplications. What can she do here with a faithless husband; she who is all tenderness?

Sarngarava [*angrily to Sakuntala*]. O wife, who seest the faults of thy lord, dost thou desire independence?

[*Sakuntala stops and trembles.*]

Saradwata. Let the queen hear. If thou art what the king proclaims thee, what right hast thou to complain?

But if thou knowest the purity of thine own soul, it will become thee to wait as a handmaid in the mansion of thy lord. Stay, then, where thou art: we must return to Canna.

Dushyanta. Deceive her not, holy men, with vain expectations. The moon opens the night-flower, and the sun makes the water-lily blossom; each is confined to its own object: and thus a virtuous man abstains from any connection with the wife of another.

Sarngarava. Yet thou, O king, who fearest to offend religion and virtue, art not afraid to desert thy wedded wife; pretending that the variety of thy public affairs has made thee forget thy private contract.

Dushyanta [*to his priest*]. I really have no remembrance of any such engagement; and I ask thee, my spiritual counsellor, whether of the two offences be the greater—to forsake my own wife, or to have an intercourse with the wife of another?

Priest [*after some deliberation*]. We may adopt an expedient between both.

Dushyanta. Let my venerable guide command.

Priest. The young woman may dwell in my house until her delivery.

Dushyanta. For what purpose?

Priest. Wise astrologers have assured the king that he will be the father of an illustrious prince, whose dominions will be bounded by the western and eastern seas: now, if the holy man's daughter shall bring forth a son whose hands and feet bear the marks of extensive sovereignty, I will do homage to her as my queen, and conduct her to the royal apartments; if not, she shall return in due time to her father.

Dushyanta. Be it as you judge proper.

Priest [*to Sakuntala*]. This way, my daughter, follow me.

Sakuntala. O earth, mild goddess, give me a place within thy bosom.

[*She goes out weeping, with the Priest, while the two Misras go out by a different way with Gautami. Dushyanta stands meditating on the beauty of Sakuntala, but the imprecation still clouds his memory.*]

From behind the scenes. Oh miraculous event!

Dushyanta [*listening*]. What can have happened?

The Priest re-enters.

Priest. Hear, O king, the stupendous event. When Canna's pupils have departed, Sakuntala, bewailing her adverse fortune, extended her arms and wept; when——

Dushyanta. What then?

Priest. A body of light, in a female shape, descended near Apsarastirt'ha, where the nymphs of heaven are worshipped; having caught her hastily in her bosom, disappeared. [*All express astonishment.*]

Dushyanta. I suspected from the beginning some work of sorcery. The business is over; it is needless to reason more on it. Let thy mind, Somarata, be at rest.

Priest. May the king be victorious! [*He goes out.*]

Dushyanta. Chamberlain, I have been greatly harassed; and thou, warder, go before me to a place of repose.

Warder. This way; let the king come this way.

Dushyanta [*advancing, aside*]. I cannot, with all my efforts, recollect my nuptials with the daughter of the hermit; yet so agitated is my heart, that it almost induces me to believe her story. [*All go out.*]

ACT VI

Scene—A Street.

Enter a Superintendent of Police with two officers, leading a man with his hands bound.

First officer [*striking the prisoner*]. Take that, Cumbhilaca, if Cumbhilaca be thy name; and tell us now where thou gottest this ring, bright with a large gem, on which the king's name is engraved.

Cumbhilaca [*trembling*]. Spare me, I entreat your honours to spare me: I am not guilty of so great a crime as you suspect.

First officer. O distinguished Brahman, didst thou then receive it from the king as a reward for some important service?

Cumbhilaca. Only hear me: I am a poor fisherman dwelling at Sacravatara——

Second officer. Did we ask, thou thief, about thy tribe or thy dwelling-place?

Superintendent. O Suchaca, let the fellow tell his own story. Now conceal nothing, sirrah!

First officer. Dost thou hear? Do as our master commands.

Cumbhilaca. I am a man who supports my family by catching fish in nets or with hooks, and by various other contrivances.

Superintendent [*laughing*]. A virtuous way of gaining a livelihood.

Cumbhilaca. Blame me not, master. The occupation of our forefathers, how low soever, must not be forsaken;

and a man who kills animals for sale may have a tender heart though his act be cruel.

Superintendent. Go on, go on.

Cumbhilaca. One day having caught a large rohita fish, I cut it open, and saw this bright ring in its stomach; but when I offered to sell it, I was apprehended by your honours. So far only am I guilty of taking the ring. Will you now continue beating and bruising me to death?

Superintendent [*smelling the ring*]. It is certain, Jaluca, that this gem has been in the body of a fish. The case requires consideration, and I will mention it to some of the king's household.

Both officers. Come on, cut-purse. [*They advance.*]

Superintendent. Stand here, Suchaca, at the great gate of the city, and wait for me, while I speak to some of the officers in the palace.

Both officers Go, Rajayucta. May the king favour thee! [*The Superintendent goes out.*]

Second officer. Our master will stay, I fear, a long while.

First officer. Yes; access to kings can only be had at their leisure.

Second officer. The tips of my fingers itch, my friend Jaluca, to kill this culprit.

Cumbhilaca. You would put to death an innocent man.

First officer [*looking*]. Here comes our master. The king has decided quickly. Now, Cumbhilaca, you will either see your companions again, or be the food of jackals and vultures.

The Superintendent re-enters.

Superintendent. Let the fisherman immediately——

Cumbhilaca. Oh, I am a dead man.

Superintendent. ——be discharged—Hola! set him at liberty. The king says he knows his innocence; and his story is true.

Second officer. As our master commands. The fellow is brought back from the mansion of Yama, to which he was hastening. [*Unbinding the fisherman.*]

Cumbhilaca [*bowing*]. My lord, I owe my life to your kindness.

Superintendent. Rise, friend; and hear with delight that the king gives thee a sum of money equal to the full value of the ring. It is a fortune to a man in your station. [*Giving him the money.*]

Cumbhilaca [*with rapture*]. I am transported with joy!

First officer. This vagabond seems to be taken down from the stake and set on the back of a state elephant.

Second officer. The king, I suppose, has a great affection for his gem.

Superintendent. Not for its intrinsic value; but I guessed the cause of his ecstasy when he saw it.

Both officers. What could occasion it?

Superintendent. I suspect that it called to his memory some person who has had a place in his heart; for though his mind be naturally firm, yet, from the moment when he beheld the ring, he was for some minutes excessively agitated.

Second officer. Our master has given the king extreme pleasure.

First officer. Yes; and by the means of this fish-catcher. [*Looking fiercely at him.*]

Cumbhilaca. Be not angry. Half the money shall be vided between you to purchase wine.

First officer. Oh, now thou art our beloved friend. Good wine is the first object of our affection. Let us go together to the vintner's. [*They all go out.*]

SCENE—THE GARDEN OF THE PALACE.

The nymph Misracesi appears in the air.

Misracesi. My first task was duly performed when I went to bathe in the nymphs' pool; and I now must see with mine own eyes how the virtuous king is affected. Sakuntala is dear to this heart, because she is the daughter of my beloved Menaca, from whom I received both commissions. [*She looks round.*] Ah! on a day full of delights the monarch's family seem oppressed with some new sorrow. By exerting my supernatural power I could know what has passed; but respect must be shown to the desire of Menaca. I will retire, therefore, among those plants, and observe what is done without being visible. [*She descends and takes her station.*]

Enter two damsels, attendants on the God of Love.

First damsel [*looking at an amra flower*]. The blossoms of yon amra, waving on the green stalk, are fresh and bright as the breath of this vernal month. I must present the goddess Reti with a basket of them.

Second damsel. Why, my Parabhritica, dost thou mean to present it alone?

First damsel. O my friend Mahhucarica, when a female cocila, which my name implies, sees a blooming amra, she becomes entranced and loses her recollection.

Second damsel [*with transport*]. What! is the season of sweets actually returned?

First damsel. Yes; the season in which we must sing of nothing but wine and love.

Second damsel. Support me then, while I climb up this tree and strip it of its fragrant gems, which we will carry as an offering to Cama.

First damsel. If I assist, I must have a share of the reward which the god will bestow.

Second damsel. To be sure, and without any previous bargain. We are only one soul, you know, though Brahma has given it two bodies. [*She climbs up and gathers the flowers.*] Here is one a little expanded, which diffuses a charming odour. [*Taking a handful of buds.*] This flower is sacred to the god who bears a fish on his banner. O sweet blossom, which I now consecrate, thou well deservest to point the sixth arrow of Camadeva, who now takes his bow to pierce myriads of youthful hearts!

[*She throws down a blossom.*]

The old Chamberlain enters.

Chamberlain [*angrily*]. Desist from breaking off those half-opened buds; there will be no jubilee this year, our king has forbidden it.

Both damsels. Oh, pardon us. We really knew not the prohibition.

Chamberlain. You knew it not! Even the trees which the spring was decking, and the birds who perch on them, sympathise with our monarch. Thence it is that yon buds, which have long appeared, shed not their prolific dust; and the flower of the curuaca, though perfectly formed, remains veiled in a closed chalice: while

the voice of the cocila, though the cold dews fall no more, is fixed within his throat: and even Smara, the god of Desire, replaces the shaft half-drawn from his quiver.

Misracesi [*aside*]. The king, no doubt, is constant and tender-hearted.

First damsel. A few days ago, Mitravasu, the governor of our province, despatched us to kiss the feet of the king, and we came to decorate his groves and gardens with various emblems; thence it is, that we heard nothing of his interdict.

Chamberlain. Beware then of reiterating your offence.

Second damsel. To obey our lord will certainly be our delight; but, if we are permitted to hear the story, tell us, we pray, what has induced our sovereign to forbid the usual festivity.

Misracesi [*aside*]. Kings are generally fond of gay entertainments, and there must be some weighty reason for the prohibition.

Chamberlain [*aside*]. The affair is public: why should I not satisfy them? [*Aloud.*] Has not the calamitous desertion of Sakuntala reached your ears?

First damsel. We heard her tale from the governor, as far as the sight of the fatal ring.

Chamberlain. Then I have little to add. When the king's memory was restored by the sight of his gem, he instantly exclaimed: "Yes, the incomparable Sakuntala is my lawful wife; and when I rejected her I had lost my reason." He showed strong marks of extreme affliction and penitence; and from that moment he has abhorred the pleasures of life. No longer does he exert his respectable talents from day to day for the good

of his people: he prolongs his nights without closing his eyes, perpetually rolling on the edge of his couch; and when he rises, he pronounces not one sentence aptly; mistaking the names of the women in his apartments, and through distraction, calling each of them Sakuntala: then he sits abashed, with his head long bent on his knees.

Misracesi [*aside*]. This is pleasing to me, very pleasing.

Chamberlain. By reason of the deep sorrow which now prevails in his heart, the vernal jubilee has been interdicted.

Both damsels. The prohibition is highly proper.

From behind the scenes. Make way! The king is passing.

Chamberlain. Here comes the monarch: depart, therefore, damsels, to your own province.

[*The two damsels go out.*]

Dushyanta enters in penitential weeds, preceded by a Warder, and attended by Madhavya.

Chamberlain [*looking at the king*]. Ah, how majestic are noble forms in every habiliment! Our prince, even in the garb of affliction, is a venerable object. Though he has abandoned pleasure, ornaments, and business; though he is become so thin, that his golden bracelet falls loosened even down to his wrist; though his lips are parched with the heat of his sighs, and his eyes are fixed open by long sorrow and want of sleep, yet am I dazzled by the blaze of virtue which beams in his countenance like a diamond exquisitely polished.

Misracesi [*aside, gazing on Dushyanta*]. With good

reason is my beloved Sakuntala, though disgraced and rejected, heavily oppressed with grief through the absence of this youth.

Dushyanta [*advancing slowly, in deep meditation*]. When my darling with an antelope's eyes would have reminded me of our love, I was assuredly slumbering; but excess of misery has awakened me.

Misracesi [*aside*]. The charming girl will at last be happy.

Madhavya [*aside*]. This monarch of ours is caught again in the gale of affection; and I hardly know a remedy for his illness.

Chamberlain [*approaching Dushyanta*]. May the king be victorious! Let him survey yon fine woodland, these cool walks, and this blooming garden; where he may repose with pleasure on banks of delight.

Dushyanta [*not attending to him*]. Warder, inform the chief minister in my name, that having resolved on a long absence from the city, I do not mean to sit for some time in the tribunal; but let him write and despatch to me all the cases that may arise among my subjects.

Warder. As the king commands. [*He goes out.*]

Dushyanta [*to the Chamberlain*]. And thou, Parvatayana, neglect not thy stated business.

Chamberlain. By no means. [*He goes out.*]

Madhavya. You have not left a fly in the garden. Amuse yourself in this retreat, which seems pleased with the departure of the dewy season.

Dushyanta. O Madhavya, when persons accused of great offences prove wholly innocent, see how their accused are punished. A frenzy obstructed my remembrance of any former love for the daughter of the sage;

and now the heart-born god, who delights in giving pain, has fixed in his bowstring a new shaft pointed with the blossom of an amra. The fatal ring having restored my memory, see me deplore with tears of repentance the loss of my best beloved, whom I rejected without cause; see me overwhelmed with sorrow, even while the return of spring fills the hearts of all others with pleasure.

Madhavya. Be still, my friend, whilst I break Love's arrows with my staff.

[*He strikes off some flowers from an amra tree.*]

Dushyanta [*meditating*]. Yes, I acknowledge the supreme power of Brahma. [*To Madhavya.*] Where now, my friend, shall I sit and recreate my sight with the slender shrubs which bear a faint resemblance to the shape of Sakuntala?

Madhavya. You will soon see the damsel skilled in painting, whom you informed that you would spend the forenoon in yon bower of madhavi creepers; and she will bring the queen's picture which you commanded her to draw.

Dushyanta. My soul will be delighted even by her picture. Show the way to the bower.

Madhavya. This way, my friend. [*They both advance, Misracesi following them.*] The arbour of twining madhavis, embellished with fragments of stone like bright gems, appears by its pleasantness, though without a voice, to bid thee welcome. Let us enter it and be seated. [*They both sit down in the bower.*]

Misracesi [*aside*]. From behind these branchy shrubs I shall behold the picture of my Sakuntala. I will afterwards hasten to report the sincere affection of her husband. [*She conceals herself.*]

Dushyanta [*sighing*]. O my approved friend, the whole adventure of the hermitage is now fresh in my memory. I informed you how deeply I was affected by the first sight of the damsel; but when she was rejected by me you were not present. Her name was often repeated by me (how, indeed, should it not?) in our conversation. What! hast thou forgotten, as I had, the whole story?

Misracesi [*aside*]. The sovereigns of the world must not, I find, be left an instant without the objects of their love.

Madhavya. Oh, no. I have not forgotten it; but at the end of our discourse you assured me that your love-tale was invented solely for your diversion; and this, in the simplicity of my heart, I believed. Some great event seems in all this affair to be predestined in heaven.

Misracesi [*aside*]. Nothing is more true.

Dushyanta [*having meditated*]. O my friend, suggest some relief for my torment.

Madhavya. What new pain torments you? Virtuous men should never be thus afflicted: the most violent wind shakes not mountains.

Dushyanta. When I reflect on the situation of your friend Sakuntala, who must now be greatly affected by my desertion of her, I am without comfort. She made an attempt to follow the Brahmans and the matron. "Stay," said the sage's pupil, who was revered as the sage himself; "stay," said he with a loud voice. Then once more she fixed on me, who had betrayed her, that celestial face then bedewed with gushing tears; and the bare idea of her pain burns me like an envenomed javelin.

Misrasi [*aside*]. How he afflicts himself! I really sympathise with him.

Madhavya. Surely some inhabitant of the heavens must have wafted her to his mansion.

Dushyanta. No; what male divinity would have taken the pains to carry off a wife so firmly attached to her lord? Menaca, the nymph of Swerga, gave her birth; and some of her attendant nymphs have, I imagine, concealed her at the desire of her mother.

Misrasi [*aside*]. To reject Sakuntala was, no doubt, the effect of a delirium, not the act of a waking man.

Madhavya. If it be thus, you will soon meet her again.

Dushyanta. Alas! why do you think so?

Madhavya. Because no father and mother can long endure to see their daughter deprived of her husband.

Dushyanta. Was it sleep that impaired my memory? Was it delusion? Was it an error of my judgment? Or was it the destined reward of my bad actions? Whatever it was, I am sensible that until Sakuntala returns to these arms, I shall be plunged in the abyss of affliction.

Madhavya. Do not despair; the fatal ring is itself an example that the lost may be found. Events which were foredoomed by heaven must not be lamented.

Dushyanta [*looking at his ring*]. The fate of this ring, now fallen from a station which it will not easily regain, I may at least deplore. O gem, thou art removed from the soft finger, beautiful with ruddy tip, on which a place had been assigned thee; and, minute as thou art, thy bad qualities appear from the familiarity of thy punishment to mine.

Misracesi [*aside*]. Had it found a way to any other hand, its lot would have been truly deplorable. O Menaca, how wouldst thou be delighted with the conversation which gratifies my ears.

Madhavya. Let me know, I pray, by what means the ring obtained a place on the finger of Sakuntala.

Dushyanta. You shall know, my friend. When I was coming from the holy forest to my capital, my beloved, with tears in her eyes, thus addressed me: "How long will the son of my lord keep me in his remembrance?"

Madhavya. Well; what then?

Dushyanta. Then, fixing this ring on her lovely finger, I thus answered: "Repeat each day one of the three syllables engraved on this gem; and before thou hast spelt the word Dushyanta, one of my noblest officers shall attend thee, and conduct my darling to her palace." Yet, I forgot, I deserted her in my frenzy.

Misracesi [*aside*]. A charming interval of three days was fixed between their separation and their meeting, which the will of Brahma rendered unhappy.

Madhavya. But how came this ring to enter, like a hook, into the mouth of a carp?

Dushyanta. When my beloved was lifting water to her head in the pool of Sachitirt'ha, the ring must have dropped unseen.

Madhavya. It is very probable.

Misracesi [*aside*]. Oh! it was thence that the king, who fears nothing but injustice, doubted the reality of her marriage; but how, I wonder, could his memory be connected with a ring?

Dushyanta. I am really angry with this gem.

Madhavya [*laughing*]. So am I with this staff.

Dushyanta. Why so, Madhavya?

Madhavya. Because it presumes to be so straight when I am so crooked. Impertinent stick!

Dushyanta [*not attending him*]. How, O ring, couldst thou leave that hand adorned with soft long fingers, and fall into a pool decked only with water-lilies? The answer is obvious: thou art irrational. But how could I, who was born with a reasonable soul, desert my only beloved?

Misracesi [*aside*]. He anticipates my remark.

Madhavya [*aside*]. So; I must wait here during his meditations and perish with hunger.

Dushyanta. O my darling, whom I treated with disrespect, and forsook without reason, when will this traitor, whose heart is deeply stung with repentant sorrow, be once more blessed with a sight of thee.

A Damsel enters, with a picture.

Damsel. Great king, the picture is finished.

[*Holding it before him*]

Dushyanta [*gazing at it*]. Yes, that is her face; those are her beautiful eyes; those her lips embellished with smiles, and surpassing the red lustre of the carcandhu fruit: her mouth seems, though painted, to speak, and her countenance darts beams of affection blended with a variety of melting tints.

Madhavya. Truly, my friend, it is a picture sweet as love itself: my eye glides up and down to feast on every particle of it; and it gives me as much delight as if I were actually conversing with the living Sakuntala.

Misracesi [*aside*]. An exquisite piece of painting. My beloved friend seems to stand before my eyes.

Dushyanta. Yet the picture is infinitely below the original; and my warm fancy, by supplying the imperfections, represents, in some degree, the loveliness of my darling.

Misracesi [*aside*]. His ideas are suitable to his excessive love and severe penitence.

Dushyanta [*sighing*]. Alas! I rejected her when she lately approached me, and now I do homage to her picture; like a traveller who negligently passes by a clear and full rivulet, and soon ardently thirsts for a false appearance of water on the sandy desert.

Madhavya. There are so many female figures on this canvas, that I cannot well distinguish the lady Sakuntala.

Misracesi [*aside*]. The old man is ignorant of her transcendent beauty; her eyes, which fascinated the soul of his prince, never sparkled, I suppose, on Madhavya.

Dushyanta. Which of the figures do you conceive intended for the queen?

Madhavya [*examining the picture*]. It is she, I imagine, who looks a little fatigued; with the string of her vest rather loose; the slender stalks of her arms falling languidly; a few bright drops on her face, and some flowers dropping from her untied locks. That must be the queen; and the rest, I suppose, are her damsels.

Dushyanta. You judge well; but my affection requires something more in the piece. Besides, through some defect in the colouring, a tear seems trickling down her cheek, which ill suits the state in which I desired to see her painted. [*To the Damsel.*] The picture, O Chaturica, is unfinished. Go back to the painting-room and bring the implements of thy art.

Damsel. Kind Madhavya, hold the picture while I obey the king.

Dushyanta. No; I will hold it.

[*He takes the picture, and the Damsel goes out.*]

Madhavya. What else is to be painted?

Misracesi [*aside*]. He desires, I presume, to add all those circumstances which became the situation of his beloved in the hermitage.

Dushyanta. In this landscape, my friend, I wish to see represented the river Malini, with some amorous flamingoes on its green margin; farther back must appear some hills near the mountain Himalaya, surrounded with herds of chamaras; and in the foreground, a dark spreading tree, with some mantles of woven bark suspended on its branches to be dried by the sunbeams; while a pair of black antelopes couch in its shade, and the female gently rubs her beautiful forehead on the horn of the male.

Madhavya. Add what you please; but, in my judgment, the vacant places should be filled with old hermits, bent, like me, towards the ground.

Dushyanta [*not attending to him*]. Oh, I had forgotten that my beloved herself must have some new ornaments.

Madhavya. What, I pray?

Misracesi [*aside*]. Such, no doubt, as become a damsel bred in a forest.

Dushyanta. The artist has omitted a sirisha flower with its peduncle fixed behind her soft ear, and its filaments waving over part of her cheek; and between her breasts must be placed a knot of delicate fibres, from the stalks of water-lilies, like the rays of an autumnal moon.

Madhavya. Why does the queen cover part of her face as if she was afraid of something, with the tips of her

fingers, that glow like the flowers of the curalaya? Oh! I now perceive an impudent bee, that thief of odours, who seems eager to sip honey from the lotus of her mouth.

Dushyanta. A bee! drive off the importunate insect.

Madhavya. The king has supreme power over all offenders.

Dushyanta. O male bee, who approachest the lovely inhabitants of a flowery grove, why dost thou expose thyself to the pain of being rejected?

Madhavya. The perfidity of male bees is proverbial.

Dushyanta [*angrily*]. Shouldst thou touch, O bee, the lip of my darling, ruddy as a fresh leaf on which no wind has yet breathed, a lip from which I drank sweetness in the banquet of love, thou shalt, by my order, be imprisoned in the centre of a lotus. Dost thou still disobey me?

Madhavya. How can he fail to obey, since you denounce so severe a punishment? [*Aside, laughing.*] He is stark mad with love and affliction; whilst I, by keeping him company, shall be as mad as he without either.

Dushyanta. After my positive injunction, art thou still unmoved?

Madhavya. Why, my friend, it is only a painted bee.

Dushyanta. What ill-natured remark was that? Whilst I am enjoying the rapture of beholding her to whom my soul is attached, thou, cruel remembrancer, tellest me that it is only a picture. [*Weeping.*]

Misracesi [*aside*]. Such are the woes of a separated lover. He is on all sides entangled in sorrow.

Dushyanta. Why do I thus indulge unremitted grief?

That intercourse with my darling which dreams would give, is prevented by my continued inability to repose; and my tears will not suffer me to view her distinctly even in this picture.

Misracesi [*aside*]. His misery acquits him entirely of having deserted her in his perfect senses.

The Damsel re-enters.

Damsel. As I was advancing, O king, with my box of pencils and colours——

Dushyanta [*hastily*]. What happened?

Damsel. It was forcibly seized by the queen Vasumati, whom her maid Pingalica had apprised of my errand; and she said: "I will myself deliver the casket to the son of my lord."

Madhavya. How came you to be released?

Damsel. While the queen's maid was disengaging the skirt of her mantle, which had been caught by the branch of a thorny shrub, I stole away.

Dushyanta. Friend Madhavya, my great attention to Vasumati has made her arrogant; and she will soon be here. Be it your care to conceal the picture.

Madhavya [*aside*]. I wish you would conceal it yourself. [*He takes the picture and rises. Aloud.*] If, indeed, you will disentangle me from the net of your secret apartments, to which I am confined, and suffer me to dwell on the wall Meghach'handa which encircles them, I will hide the picture in a place where none shall see it but pigeons. [*He goes out.*]

Misracesi [*aside*]. How honourably he keeps his former engagements, though his heart be now fixed on another object!

Dushyanta [*sighing*]. Woe is me! I am stripped of all the felicity which I once enjoyed. My lawful wife, whom I basely deserted, remains fixed in my soul: she would have been the glory of my family, and might have produced a son brilliant as the richest fruit of the teeming earth.

Misracesi [*aside*]. She is not forsaken by all, and soon, I trust, will be thine.

Dushyanta. Ah me! the departed souls of my ancestors, who claim a share in the funeral cake, which I have no son to offer, are apprehensive of losing their due honour, when Dushyanta shall be no more on earth. Who then, alas, will perform in our family those obsequies which the Veda prescribes? My forefathers must drink, instead of a pure libation, this flood of tears, the only offering which a man who dies childless can make them. [*Weeping.*]

Misracesi [*aside*]. Such a veil obscures the king's eyes, that he thinks it total darkness, though a lamp be now shining brightly.

Damsel. Afflict not yourself immoderately: our lord is young, and when sons as illustrious as himself shall be born of other queens, his ancestors will be redeemed from their offence committed here below.

Dushyanta [*with agony*]. The race of Puru, which has hitherto been fruitful and unblemished, ends in me; as the river Sereswati disappears in a region unworthy of her divine stream. [*He faints.*]

Damsel. Let the king resume confidence. [*She supports him.*]

Misracesi [*aside*]. Shall I restore him? No; he will speedily be roused. I heard the nymph Devajanani

consoling Sakuntala in these words: "As the gods delight in their portion of sacrifices, thus soon wilt thou soon be delighted by the love of thy husband." I go, therefore, to raise her spirits and please my friend Menaca with an account of his virtues and his affection.

[*She rises aloft and disappears.*]

From behind the scenes. A Brahman must not be slain; save the life of a Brahman.

Dushyanta [*reviving and listening*]. Hah! was not that the plaintive voice of Madhavya?

Damsel. He has probably been caught with the picture in his hand by Pingalica and the other maids.

Dushyanta. Go, Chaturica, and reprove the queen in my name, for not restraining her servants.

Damsel. As the king commands. [*She goes out.*]

Again from behind the scenes. I am a Brahman, and must not be put to death.

Dushyanta. It is manifestly some Brahman in great danger. Hola! who is there?

The old Chamberlain enters.

Chamberlain. What is the king's pleasure?

Dushyanta. Inquire why the faint-hearted Madhavya cries out so piteously.

Chamberlain. I will know in an instant.

[*He goes out, and returns trembling.*]

Dushyanta. Is there any alarm, Pavatayana?

Chamberlain. Alarm enough!

Dushyanta. What causes thy tremor? Thus do men tremble through age; fear shakes the old man's body, as the breeze agitates the leaves of the hippola.

Chamberlain. Oh! deliver thy friend.

Dushyanta. Deliver him! from what?

Chamberlain. From distress and danger.

Dushyanta. Speak more plainly.

Chamberlain. The wall which looks to all quarters of the heavens, and is named, from the clouds which cover it, Meghach'handa——

Dushyanta. What of that?

Chamberlain. From the summit of that wall, the pinnacle of which is hardly attainable even by the blue-necked pigeons, an evil being, invisible to human eyes, has violently carried away the friend of your childhood.

Dushyanta [*starting up hastily*]. What, are even my secret apartments infested with supernatural agents? Royalty is ever subjected to molestation. A king knows not the mischiefs even, which his own negligence daily and hourly occasions. How then should he know what path his people are treading; and how should he correct their manners when his own are uncorrected?

From behind the scenes. Oh, help! Oh, release me!

Dushyanta [*listening and advancing*]. Fear not, my friend, fear nothing——

From behind the scenes. Not fear, when a monster has caught me by the nape of my neck, and means to snap my backbone as he would snap a sugar-cane.

Dushyanta [*darting his eyes round*]. Hola! my bow.

A Warder enters with the King's bow and quiver.

Warder. Here are our great hero's arms.

[*Dushyanta takes his bow and an arrow.*]

From behind the scenes. Here I stand; and, thirsting for thy fresh blood, will slay thee struggling, as a tiger

slays a calf. Where now is thy protector, Dushyanta, who grasps his bow to defend the oppressed?

Dushyanta [*wrathfully*]. The demon names me with defiance. Stay, thou basest of monsters. Here am I, and thou shalt not long exist. [*Raising his bow.*] Show the way, Parvatayana, to the stairs of the terrace.

Chamberlain. This way, great king.

[*All go out hastily.*]

SCENE—A BROAD TERRACE.

Enter Dushyanta.

Dushyanta [*looking round*]. Ah! the place is deserted.

From behind the scenes. Save me, oh! save me. I see thee, my friend, but thou canst not discern me, who, like a mouse in the claws of a cat, have no hope of life.

Dushyanta. But this arrow shall distinguish thee from thy foe, in spite of the magic which renders thee invisible. Madhavya, stand firm; and thou, bloodthirsty fiend, think not of destroying him whom I love and will protect. See, I thus fix a shaft which shall pierce thee, who deservest death, and shall save a Brahman who deserves long life; as the celestial bird sips the milk, and leaves the water which has been mingled with it.

[*He draws the bowstring.*]

Enter Matali and Madhavya.

Matali. The god Indra has destined evil demons to fall by thy shafts; against them let thy bow be drawn, and cast on thy friends eyes bright with affection.

Dushyanta [*astonished, giving back his arms*]. Oh! Matali, welcome; I greet thee the driver of Indra's car.

Madhavya. What! this cut-throat was putting me to death, and thou greetest him with a kind welcome!

Matali [*smiling*]. O king, live long and conquer! Hear on what errand I am despatched by the ruler of the firmament.

Dushyanta. I am humbly attentive.

Matali. There is a race of Danavas, the children of Calanemi, whom it is found hard to subdue.

Dushyanta. This I have already heard from Nared.

Matali. The god with a hundred sacrifices, unable to quell that gigantic race, commissions thee, his approved friend, to assail them in the front of battle; as the sun with seven steeds despairs of overcoming the dark legions of night, and gives way to the moon, who easily scatters them. Mount, therefore, with me, the car of Indra, and, grasping thy bow, advance to assured victory.

Dushyanta. Such a mark of distinction from the prince of good genii honours me highly; but say why you treated so roughly my poor friend Madhavya.

Matali. Perceiving that, for some reason or another, you were grievously afflicted, I was desirous to rouse your spirits by provoking you to wrath. The fire blazes when wood is thrown on it; the serpent, when provoked, darts his head against the assailant; and a man capable of acquiring glory, exerts himself when his courage is excited.

Dushyanta [*to Madhavya*]. My friend, the command of Divespetir must instantly be obeyed: go, therefore, and carry the intelligence to my chief minister, saying to him in my name: "Let thy wisdom secure my people from danger while this braced bow has a different employment."

Madhavya. I obey; but wish it could have been employed without assistance from my terror.

[*He goes out.*]

Matali. Ascend, great king.

[*Dushyanta ascends, and Matali drives off the car.*]

ACT VII.

Dushyanta with Matali in the car of Indra, supposed to be above the clouds.

Dushyanta. I am sensible, O Matali, that, for having executed the commission which Indra gave me, I deserved not such a profusion of honours.

Matali. Neither of you is satisfied. You who have conferred so great a benefit on the god of thunder, consider it as a trifling act of devotion; whilst he reckons not all his kindness equal to the benefit conferred.

Dushyanta. There is no comparison between the service and the reward. He surpassed my warmest expectation when, before he dismissed me, he made me sit on half of his throne, thus exalting me before all the inhabitants of the Empyrean; and smiling to see his son Jayanta, who stood near him, ambitious of the same honour, perfumed my bosom with essence of heavenly sandal wood, throwing over my neck a garland of flowers blown in paradise.

Matali. O king, you deserve all imaginable rewards from the sovereign of the good genii, whose empyreal seats have twice been disentangled from the thorns of

Danu's race; formerly by the claws of the man-lion, and lately by thy unerring shafts.

Dushyanta. My victory proceeded wholly from the auspices of the god; as on earth, when servants prosper in great enterprises, they owe their success to the magnificence of their lords. Could Arun dispel the shades of night if the deity with a thousand beams had not placed him before the car of day?

Matali. That case, indeed, is parallel. [*Driving slowly.*] See, O king, the full exaltation of thy glory, which now rides on the back of heaven. The delighted genii have been collecting, among the trees of life, those crimson and azure dyes, with which the celestial damsels tinge their beautiful feet; and they now are writing thy actions in verses worthy of divine melody.

Dushyanta [*modestly*]. In my transport, O Matali, after the rout of the giants, this wonderful place had escaped my notice. In what path of the winds are we now journeying?

Matali. This is the way which leads along the triple river, heaven's brightest ornament, and causes yon luminaries to roll in a circle with diffused beams: it is the course of a gentle breeze which supports the floating forms of the gods; and this path was the second step of Vishnu, when he confounded the proud Vali.

Dushyanta. My internal soul, which acts by exterior organs, is filled by the sight with a charming complacency. [*Looking at the wheels.*] We are now passing, I guess, through the region of clouds.

Matali. Whence do you form the conjecture?

Dushyanta. The car itself instructs me that we are moving over clouds pregnant with showers; for the

circumference of its wheels disperses pellucid water; the horses of Indra sparkle with lightning; and I now see the warbling chatacas descend from their nests on the summits of mountains.

Matali. It is even so; and in another moment you will be in the country which you govern.

Dushyanta [*looking down*]. Through the rapid, yet imperceptible descent of the heavenly steeds, I now perceive the allotted station of men. Astonishing prospect! It is yet so distant from us, that the low-lands appear confounded with the high mountains; the trees erect their branchy shoulders, but seem leafless; the rivers look like bright lines, but their waters vanish; and, at this instant, the globe of earth seems thrown upwards by some stupendous power.

Matali [*looking with reverence on the earth*]. How delightful is the abode of mankind! O king, you saw distinctly.

Dushyanta. Say, Matali, what mountain is that, which like an evening cloud pours exhilarating streams, and forms a golden zone between the western and eastern seas?

Matali. That, O king, is the mountain of Gandharvas, named Hemacuta: the universe contains not a more excellent place for the successful devotion of the pious. There Casyapa, father of the immortals, ruler of men, son of Marichi, who sprang from the self-existent, resides with his consort Aditi, blessed in holy retirement.

Dushyanta [*devoutly*]. This occasion of attaining good fortune must not be neglected: may I approach the divine pair, and do them complete homage?

Matali. By all means. It is an excellent idea. We are now descended on earth.

Dushyanta [*with wonder*]. These chariot wheels yield no sound; no dust arises from them; and the descent of the car gave me no shock.

Matali. Such is the difference, O king, between thy car and that of Indra.

Dushyanta. Where is the holy retreat of Marichi?

Matali [*pointing*]. A little beyond that grove, where you see a pious Yogi, motionless as a pollard, holding his thick bushy hair, and fixing his eyes on the solar orb. Mark: his body is half-covered with a white ants' edifice made of raised clay; the skin of a snake supplies the place of his sacerdotal thread, and part of it girds his loins; and a number of knotty plants encircle and wound his neck; and surrounding birds' nests almost conceal his shoulders.

Dushyanta. I bow to a man of his austere devotion.

Matali [*check'ng the reins*]. Thus far, and enough. We now enter the sanctuary of him who rules the world, and the groves which are watered by streams from celestial sources.

Dushyanta. This asylum is more delightful than paradise itself: I could fancy myself bathing in a pool of nectar.

Matali [*stopping the car*]. Let the king descend.

Dushyanta [*joyfully descending*]. How canst thou leave the car?

Matali. On such an occasion it will remain fixed; we may both leave it. This way, victorious hero, this way. Behold the retreat of the truly pious.

Dushyanta. I see with equal amazement both the pious and their awful retreat. It becomes, indeed, pure spirits to feed on balmy air in a forest blooming with

trees of life; to bathe in rills dyed yellow with the golden dust of the lotus, and to fortify their virtue in the mysterious bath; to meditate in caves, the pebbles of which are unblemished gems; and to restrain their passions, even though nymphs of exquisite beauty frolic around them: in this grove alone is attained the summit of true piety, to which other hermits in vain aspire.

Matali. In exalted minds the desire of perfect excellence continually increases. [*Turning aside.*] Tell me, Vriddhasacalya, in what business is the divine son of Marichi now engaged? What sayest thou? Is he conversing with the daughter of Dacsha, who practises all the virtues of a dutiful wife, and is consulting him on moral questions? Then we must await his leisure. [*To Dushyanta.*] Rest, O king, under the shade of this asoca tree, whilst I announce thy arrival to the father of Indra.

Dushyanta. As you judge right. [*Matali goes out. Dushyanta feels his right arm throb.*] Why, O my arm, dost thou flatter me with a vain omen? My former happiness is lost, and misery only remains.

From behind the scenes. Be not so restless; in every situation thou showest thy bad temper.

Dushyanta [*listening*]. Hah! this is no place, surely, for a malignant disposition. Who can be thus rebuked? [*Looking with surprise.*] I see a child, but with no childish countenance or strength, whom two female anchorites are endeavouring to keep in order; while he forcibly pulls towards him, in rough play, a lion's whelp with a torn mane, who seems just dragged from the half-sucked nipple of the lioness.

[*A little boy and two female attendants are discovered, as described by the King.*]

Boy. Open thy mouth, lion's whelp, that I may count thy teeth.

First attendant. Intractable child! Why dost thou torment the wild animals of this forest, whom we cherish as if they were our own offspring? Thou seemest even to sport in anger. Aptly have the hermits named thee Servademana, since thou tamest all creatures.

Dushyanta. Ah! what means it that my heart inclines to this boy as if he were mine own son? [*Meditating.*] Alas! I have no son; and the reflection makes me once more soft-hearted.

Second attendant. The lioness will tear thee to pieces if thou release not her whelp.

Boy [*smiling*]. Oh! I am greatly afraid of her, to be sure.

Dushyanta [*aside, amazed*]. The child exhibits the rudiments of heroic valour, and looks like fire which blazes from the addition of dry fuel.

First attendant. My beloved child, set at liberty this young prince of wild beasts; and I will give thee a prettier plaything.

Boy. Give it first. Where is it?

[*Stretching out his hand.*]

Dushyanta [*aside, gazing on the child's palm*]. What! the very palm of his hand bears the marks of empire; and whilst he thus eagerly extends it, shows its lines of exquisite network, and glows like a lotus expanded at early dawn, when the ruddy splendour of its petals hides all other tints in obscurity.

Second attendant. Mere words, my Suvrita, will not pacify him. Go, I pray, to my cottage, where thou wilt find a plaything made for the hermit's child,

Sancara: it is a peacock of earthenware painted with rich colours.

First attendant. I will bring it speedily. [*She goes out.*]

Boy. In the meantime I will play with the young lion.

Second attendant [*looking at him with a smile*]. Let him go, I entreat thee.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. I feel the tenderest affection for this unmanageable child. [*Sighing.*] How sweet must be the delight of virtuous fathers, when they soil their bosoms with the dust, by lifting up their playful children who charm them with inarticulate prattle, and show the white blossoms of their teeth, while they laugh innocently at every trifling occurrence!

Second attendant [*raising her finger*]. What! dost thou show no attention to me? Are any of the hermits near? [*Seeing Dushyanta.*] Oh, let me request you, gentle stranger, to release the lion's whelp, who cannot disengage himself from the grasp of this robust child.

Dushyanta. I will endeavour. [*Approaching the boy and smiling.*] O thou, who art the son of a pious anchorite, how canst thou dishonour thy father, whom thy virtues would make happy, by violating the rules of this consecrated forest? It becomes a black serpent only, to infest the boughs of a fragrant sandal tree.

[*The boy releases the lion.*]

Second attendant. I thank you, courteous guest; but he is not the son of an anchorite.

Dushyanta. His actions, indeed, which are conformable to his robustness, indicate a different birth; but my opinion arose from the sanctity of the place which he inhabits. [*Taking the boy by the hand. Aside.*] Oh,

since it gives me such delight merely to touch the hand of this child, who is the hopeful scion of a family unconnected with mine, what rapture must be felt by the fortunate man from whom he sprang?

Second attendant [*gazing on them alternately*]. Oh, wonderful!

Dushyanta. What has raised your wonder?

Second attendant. The astonishing resemblance between the child and you, gentle stranger, to whom he bears no relation. It surprises me also to see, that although he has childish humours, and had no former acquaintance with you, yet your words have restored him to his natural good temper.

Dushyanta [*raising the boy to his bosom*]. Holy matron, if he be not the son of a hermit, what then is the name of his family?

Second attendant. He is descended from Puru.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Ha! thence, no doubt, springs his disposition, and my affection for him. [*Setting him down. Aloud.*] It is, I know, an established usage among the princes of Puru's race to dwell at first in rich palaces with stuccoed walls, where they protect and cherish the world, but in the decline of life to seek humbler mansions near the roots of venerable trees, where hermits with subdued passions practise austere devotion. I wonder, however, that this boy, who moves like a god, could have been born of a mere mortal.

Second attendant. Affable stranger, your wonder will cease when you know that his mother is related to a celestial nymph, and brought him forth in the sacred forest of Casyapa.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. I am transported! This is a fresh

ground of hope. [*Aloud.*] What virtuous monarch took his excellent mother by the hand?

Second attendant. Oh, I must not give celebrity to the name of a king who deserted his lawful wife.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Ah! she means me. Let me now ask the name of the sweet child's mother. [*Meditating.*] But it is against good manners to inquire concerning the wife of another man.

The first attendant re-enters with a toy.

First attendant. Look, Servademana, look at the beauty of this bird Sakunta lavanyam.

Boy [*looking eagerly round*]. Sakuntala. Oh, where is my beloved mother? [*Both attendants laugh.*]

First attendant. He tenderly loves his mother, and was deceived by an equivocal phrase.

Second attendant. My child, she meant only the beautiful shape and colours of this peacock.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. Is my Sakuntala then his mother? Or has the dear name been given to some other woman? This conversation resembles the fallacious appearance of water in a desert, which ends in bitter disappointment to the stag parched with thirst.

Boy. I shall like the peacock if it can run and fly; not else. [*He takes it.*]

First attendant [*looking round in confusion*]. Alas, the child's amulet is not on his wrist.

Dushyanta. Be not alarmed. It was dropped while he was playing with the lion. I see it, and will put it into your hand.

Both. Oh! beware of touching it.

First attendant. Ah! he has actually taken it up.

[*They both gaze with surprise.*]

Dushyanta. Here it is; but why would you have restrained me from touching this bright gem?

Second attendant. Great monarch, this divine amulet has a wonderful power, and was given to the child by the son of Marichi, as soon as the sacred rites had been performed after his birth: whenever it fell on the ground, no human being but the father or mother of this boy could have touched it unhurt.

Dushyanta. What if a stranger had taken it?

First attendant. It would have become a serpent and wounded him.

Dushyanta. Have you seen that consequence on any similar occasion?

Both. Frequently.

Dushyanta [*with transport*]. I may then exult on the completion of my ardent desire. [*He embraces the child.*]

Second attendant. Come, Suvrita, let us carry the delightful intelligence to Sakuntala, whom the harsh duties of a separated wife have so long oppressed.

[*The attendants go out.*]

Boy. Farewell; I must go to my mother.

Dushyanta. My darling son, thou wilt make her happy by going to her with me.

Boy. Dushyanta is my father; and you are not Dushyanta.

Dushyanta. Even thy denial of me gives me delight.

Sakuntala enters in mourning apparel, with her long hair twisted in a single braid, and flowing down her back.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. Having heard that my child's

amulet has proved its divine power, I must either be strangely diffident of my good fortune, or that event which Misracesi predicted has actually happened.

[*Advancing.*]

Dushyanta [*with a mixture of joy and sorrow*]. Ah! do I see the incomparable Sakuntala clad in sordid weeds? Her face is emaciated by the performance of austere duties; one twisted lock floats over her shoulder; and with a mind perfectly pure she supports the long absence of her husband, whose unkindness exceeded all bounds.

Sakuntala [*seeing him, yet doubting*]. Is that the son of my lord grown pale with penitence and affliction? If not, who is it, that sullies with his touch the hand of my child, whose amulet should have preserved him from such indignity?

Boy [*going hastily to Sakuntala*]. Mother, here is a stranger who calls me son.

Dushyanta. Oh! my best beloved, I have treated thee cruelly; but my cruelty is succeeded by the warmest affection, and I implore your remembrance and forgiveness.

Sakuntala [*aside*]. Be confident, O my heart. [*Aloud.*] I shall be most happy when the king's anger has passed away. [*Aside.*] This must be the son of my lord.

Dushyanta. By the kindness of heaven, O loveliest of thy sex, thou standest again before me, whose memory was obscured by the gloom of fascination; as the star Rohini at the end of an eclipse rejoins her beloved moon.

Sakuntala. May the king be——

[*She bursts into tears.*]

Dushyanta. My darling, though the word "victorious" be suppressed by thy weeping, yet I must have victory, since I see thee again, though with pale lips and a body unadorned.

Boy. What man is this, mother?

Sakuntala. Sweet child, ask the divinity who presides over the fortunes of us both. [*She weeps.*]

Dushyanta. O my only beloved, banish from thy mind my cruel desertion of thee. A violent frenzy overpowered my soul. Such, when the darkness of illusion prevails, are the actions of the best intentioned; as a blind man, when a friend binds his head with a wreath of flowers, mistakes it for a twining snake, and foolishly rejects it. [*He falls at her feet.*]

Sakuntala. Rise, my husband, oh! rise. My happiness has been long interrupted; but joy now succeeds to affliction, since the son of my lord still loves me. [*He rises.*] How was the remembrance of this unfortunate woman restored to the mind of my lord's son?

Dushyanta. When the dart of misery shall be wholly extracted from my bosom, I will tell you all; but since the anguish of my soul has in part ceased, let me first wipe off that tear which trickles from thy delicate eyelash; and thus efface the memory of all the tears which my delirium has made thee shed.

[*He stretches out his hand.*]

Sakuntala [*wiping off her tears, and seeing the ring on his finger*]. Ah! is that the fatal ring?

Dushyanta. Yes; by the surprising recovery of it my memory was restored.

Sakuntala. Its influence, indeed, has been great; since it has brought back the lost confidence of my husband.

Dushyanta. Take it then, as a beautiful plant receives a flower from the returning season of joy.

Sakuntala. I cannot again trust it. Let it be worn by the son of my lord.

Matali enters.

Matali. By the will of heaven the king has happily met his beloved wife, and seen the countenance of his little son.

Dushyanta. It was by the company of my friend that my desire attained maturity. But say, was not this fortunate event previously known to Indra?

Matali [*smiling*]. What is unknown to the gods? But come; the divine Marichi desires to see thee.

Dushyanta. Beloved, take our son by the hand; and let me present you both to the father of immortals.

Sakuntala. I really am ashamed, even in thy presence, to approach the deities.

Dushyanta. It is highly proper on so happy an occasion. Come, I entreat thee. [*They all advance.*]

[*The scene is withdrawn, and Casyapa is discovered on a throne conversing with Aditi.*]

Casyapa [*pointing to the king*]. That, O daughter of Dacsha, is the hero who led the squadrons of thy son to the front of battle, a sovereign of the earth, Dushyanta; by the means of whose bow the thunder-bolt of Indra (all its work being accomplished) is now a mere ornament in his heavenly palace.

Aditi. He bears in his form all the marks of exalted majesty.

Matali [*to Dushyanta*]. The parents of the twelve Adityas, O king, are gazing on thee, as on their own off-

spring, with eyes of affection. Approach them, illustrious prince.

Dushyanta. Are those, O Matali, the divine pair sprung from Marichi and Dacsha? Are those the grandchildren of Brahma, to whom the self-existent gave birth in the beginning; whom inspired mortals pronounce the fountain of glory apparent in the form of twelve suns; they who produced my benefactor, the lord of a hundred sacrifices, and ruler of three worlds?

Matali. Even they. [*Presenting himself, with Dushyanta.*] Great king, the king Dushyanta, who has executed the commands of your son Vasava, falls humbly before your throne.

Casyapa. Continue long to rule the world.

Aditi. Long be a warrior with a car unshattered in combat. [*Sakuntala and her son prostrate themselves.*]

Casyapa. Daughter, may thy husband be like Indra. May thy son resemble Jayanta. And mayst thou (whom no benediction could better suit) be equal in prosperity to the daughter of Puloman.

Aditi. Preserve, my child, a constant unity with thy lord; and may this boy, for a great length of years, be the ornament and joy of you both. Now be seated near us. [*They all sit down.*]

Casyapa [*looking at them by turns*]. Sakuntala is the model of excellent wives; her son is dutiful; and thou, O king, hast three rare advantages—true piety, abundant wealth, and active virtue.

Dushyanta. O divine being, having obtained the former object of my most ardent wishes, I now have reached the summit of earthly happiness through thy favour, and thy benison will ensure the permanence.

First appears the flower, then the fruit; first clouds are collected, then the shower falls: such is the regular course of causes and effects; and thus, when thy indulgence preceded, felicity generally followed.

Matali. Great, indeed, O king, has been the kindness of the primeval Brahmans.

Dushyanta. Bright son of Marichi, this thy handmaid was married to me by the ceremony of Gandharvas, and, after a time, was conducted to my palace by some of her family; but my memory having failed through delirium, I rejected her, and thus committed a grievous offence against the venerable Canna, who is of thy divine lineage: afterwards, on seeing this fatal ring, I remembered my love and my nuptials; but by whose transaction yet fills me with wonder. My soul was confounded with strange ignorance which obscured my senses; as if a man were to see an elephant marching before him, yet to doubt what animal it could be, till he discovered by the traces of his large feet that it was an elephant.

Casyapa. Cease, my son, to charge thyself with an offence committed ignorantly, and therefore innocently. Now hear me——

Dushyanta. I am devoutly attentive.

Casyapa. When the nymph Menaca led Sakuntala from the place where thy desertion of her had afflicted her soul, she brought her to the palace of Aditi; and I knew, by the power of meditation on the Supreme Being, that thy forgetfulness of thy pious and lawful consort had proceeded from the imprecation of Durvasas, and that the charm would terminate on the sight of this ring.

Dushyanta [*aside*]. My name then is cleared from infamy.

Sakuntala. Happy am I that the son of my lord, who now recognises me, denied me through ignorance, and not with real aversion. The terrible imprecation was heard, I suppose, when my mind was intent on a different object, by my two beloved friends, who, with extreme affection, concealed it from me to spare my feelings, but advised me at parting to show the ring if my husband should have forgotten me.

Casyapa [*turning to Sakuntala*]. Thou art apprised, my daughter, of the whole truth, and must no longer resent the behaviour of thy lord. He rejected thee when his memory was impaired by the force of a charm; and when the gloom was dispelled, his conjugal affection revived; as a mirror whose surface has been sullied, reflects no image; but exhibits perfect resemblances when its polish has been restored.

Dushyanta. Such, indeed, was my situation.

Casyapa. My son Dushyanta, hast thou embraced thy child by Sakuntala, on whose birth I myself performed the ceremonies prescribed in the Veda?

Dushyanta. Holy Marichi, he is the glory of my house.

Casyapa. Know too, that his heroic virtue will raise him to a dominion extended from sea to sea; before he has passed the ocean of mortal life he shall rule, unequalled in combat, this earth with seven peninsulas; and, as he now is called Servademana, because he tames even in childhood the fiercest animals, so, in his riper years, he shall acquire the name of Bharata, because he shall sustain and nourish the world.

Dushyanta. A boy educated by the son of Marichi, must attain the summit of greatness.

Aditi. Now let Sakuntala, who is restored to happi-

ness, convey intelligence to Canna of all these events: her mother Menaca is in my family, and knows all that has passed.

Sakuntala. The goddess proposes what I most ardently wish.

Casyapa. By the force of true piety the whole scene will be present to the mind of Canna.

Dushyanta. The devout sage must be still excessively indignant at my frantic behaviour.

Casyapa [*meditating*]. Then let him hear from me the delightful news, that his foster-child has been tenderly received by her husband, and that both are happy with the little warrior who sprang from them. Hola! who is in waiting?

A pupil enters.

Pupil. Great king, I am here.

Casyapa. Hasten, Golava, through the light air, and in my name inform the venerable Canna, that Sakuntala has a charming son by Dushyanta, whose affection for her was restored with his remembrance, on the termination of the spell raised by the angry Durvasas.

Pupil. As the divinity commands. [*He goes out.*]

Casyapa. My son, reascend the car of Indra with thy consort and child and return happy to the imperial seat.

Dushyanta. Be it as Marichi ordains.

Casyapa. Henceforth may the god of the atmosphere with copious rain give abundance to thy affectionate subjects; and mayst thou with frequent sacrifices maintain the Thunderer's friendship. By numberless interchanges of good offices between you both, may benefits reciprocally be conferred on the inhabitants of the two worlds.

Dushyanta. Powerful being, I will be studious, as far as I am able, to attain that felicity.

Casyapa. What other favours can I bestow on thee?

Dushyanta. Can any favours exceed those already bestowed? Let every king apply himself to the attainment of happiness for his people; let Sereswati, the goddess of liberal arts, be adored by all readers of the Veda; and may Siva, with an azure neck and red locks, eternally potent and self-existing, avert from me the pain of another birth in this perishable world, the seat of crimes and of punishment. [*All go out*]

THE MEGHADUTA;

OR,

CLOUD MESSENGER.

THE MEGHADUTA; or, CLOUD MESSENGER.

Where Ramagiri's shadowy woods extend,
And those pure streams where Sita bathed, descend,
Spoiled of his glories, severed from his wife,
A banished Yacsha passed his lonely life;
Doomed by Cuvera's anger to sustain
Twelve tedious months of solitude and pain.
To these drear hills through circling days confined,
In dull unvaried grief, the God repined;
And sorrow withering every youthful charm,
Had slipped the golden bracelet from his arm.
When with Ashara's glooms the air was hung,
And one dark *Cloud* around the mountains clung;
In form some elephant whose sportive rage,
Ramparts, scarce equal to his might, engage.
Long on the mass of mead-reviving dew,
The heavenly exile fixed his eager view;
And still the melancholy tear suppressed,
Though bitterest sorrow wrung his heaving breast;
Reflection told what promise of delight
Sprang from such gathering shades to happier sight,
Where the worn traveller is joyed to trace
His home approaching, and a wife's embrace:
What hope, alas, was his! yet fancy found
Some solace in the glooms that deepened round,

And bade him hail amidst the labouring air,
A friendly envoy to his distant fair:
Who, charged with grateful tidings, might impart
New life and pleasure to her drooping heart. [flower,
Cheered with the thought, he culled each budding
And wildly waved the fertilising power;
(For who, a prey to agonising grief,
Explores not idlest sources for relief?
And as to creatures sensible of pain,
To lifeless nature, loves not to complain?)
Due homage offered, and oblations made,
The Yacsha thus the Cloud majestic prayed:—

metaphysical appreciation of the sub-conscious

Hail! friend of Indra, councillor divine,
Illustrious offspring of a glorious line;
Wearer of shapes at will; thy worth I know,
And bold entrust thee with my fated woe:
For better far solicitations fail,
With high desert, than with the base prevail.
Thou art the wretch's aid, affliction's friend!
To me, unfortunate, thy succour lend;
My lonely state compassionate behold,
Who mourn the vengeance of the God of Gold;
Condemned amidst these dreary rocks to pine,
And all I wish, and all I love resign.
Where dwell the Yacshas in their sparkling fields,
And Siva's crescent groves surrounding gilds,
Direct thy licensed journey, and relate
To her who mourns in Alaca my fate;
There shalt thou find the partner of my woes,
True to her faith, and stranger to repose;
Her task to weep our destiny severe,

And count the moments of the lingering year;
A painful life she leads, but still she lives,
While hope its aid invigorating gives;
For female hearts, though fragile as the flower,
Are firm, when closed by hope's investing power.
Still as thou ridest on the friendly gale,
Shall widowed wives thy march advancing hail;
And all whom no tyrannic laws control,
Shall bless thy shadows, deepening as they roll:
The gentle breeze shall fan thy stately way,
In sportive wreathes the cranes around thee play;
Pleased on thy left the chataca along,
Pursue thy path, and cheer it with his song;
And when thy thunders soothe the parching earth,
And showers expected, raise her mushroom birth,
The swans for mount Kailasa shall prepare,
And track thy course attendant through the air.
Short be thy greeting to this hill addressed—
This hill with Rama's holy feet imprest;
Thy ancient friend, whose scorching sorrows mourn
Thy frequent absence and delayed return.
Yet ere thy ear can drink what love inspires,
The lengthened way my guiding aid requires;
Oft on whose path full many a lofty hill,
Shall ease thy toils, and many a cooling rill;
Rise from these streams and seek the upper sky;
Then to the north with daring pinions fly:
The beauteous Sylphs shall mark thee with amaze,
As backward bent thou strik'st their upward gaze,
In doubt if by the gale abruptly torn,
Some mountain peak along the air is borne;
The ponderous elephants who prop the skies,

Shall view thy form expansive with surprise;
Now first their arrogance exchanged for shame,
Lost in thy bulk their unrivalled fame.
Eastward where various gems with blending ray,
In Indra's bow o'er yonder hillock play,
And on thy shadowy form such radiance shed,
As peacock's plumes around a Crishna spread,
Direct thy course; to Mala's smiling ground,
Where fragrant tillage breathes the fields around;
Thy fertile gifts, which looks of love reward,
Where bright-eyed peasants tread the verdant sward.
Thence sailing north and veering to the west,
On Amracuta's lofty ridges rest;
Oft have thy showers the mountain's flames allayed,
Then *fear* not wearied to demand its aid;
Not e'en the vilest, when a falling friend
Solicits help it once was his to lend,
The aid that gratitude exacts denies;
Much less the virtuous shall the claim despise.
When o'er the wooded mountain's towering head,
Thy hovering shades like flowing tresses spread;
Its form shall shine with charms unknown before,
That heavenly hosts may gaze at, and adore
This earth's round breast; bright swelling from the ground,
And with thy orb as with a nipple crowned,
Next bending downwards from thy lofty flight,
On Chitracuta's humbler peak alight;
O'er the tall hill thy weariness forego,
And quenching raindrops on its flames bestow;
For speedy fruits are certain to await,
Assistance yielded to the good and great.

Thence journeying onwards Vind'hya's ridgy chain,
And Reva's rill that bathes its foot attain;
Where amidst rocks whose variegated glow,
The royal elephant's rich trappings show,
Arduous she winds, and next through beds of flowers,
She wins her way, and washes Jambu bowers;
Here the soft dews thy path has lost resume,
And sip the gelid current's rich perfume,
Where the wild elephant delights to shed
The juice exuding fragrant from his head;
Then swift proceed, nor shall the blast have force
To check with empty gusts thy ponderous course.
Reviving nature bounteous shall dispense,
To cheer thy journey, every charm of sense;
Blossoms with blended green and russet hue,
And opening buds shall smile upon thy view;
Earth's blazing words in incense shall arise,
And warbling birds with music fill the skies.
Respectful Demigods shall curious count,
The chattering storks in lengthening order mount;
Shall mark the chatacas who in thy train
Expect impatiently the dropping rain:
And when thy muttering thunders speak thee near,
Shall clasp their brides half ecstasy, half fear.
Ah! much I dread the long protracted way,
Where charms so numerous spring to tempt delay;
Will not the frequent hill retard thy flight,
Nor flowery plain persuade prolonged delight?
Or can the peacock's animated hail,
The bird with lucid eyes, to lure thee fail?
Lo! where a while the swans reluctant cower,
Dasarna's fields await the coming shower:

Then shall their groves diffuse profounder gloom,
And brighter buds the deepening shade illume:
Then shall the ancient tree whose branches wear
The marks of village reverence and care,
Shake through each leaf, as birds profanely wrest
The venerend boughs to form the rising nest.
Where royal Vidisa confers renown,
Thy warmest wish shall fruit delightful crown:
There Vetravati's stream ambrosial laves
A gentle bank with mildly murmuring waves,
And there her rippling brow and polished face
Invite thy smiles, and sue for thy embrace.
Next o'er the lesser hills thy flight suspend,
And growth erect to drooping flow'rets lend;
While sweeter fragrance breathes from each recess,
Than rich perfumes the hireling wanton's dress.
On Naga Nadi's banks thy waters shed,
And raise the feeble jasmin's languid head;
Grant for a while thy interposing shroud
To where those damsels woo the friendly Cloud,
As while the garland's flowery stores they seek,
The scorching sunbeams singe the tender cheek,
The ear-hung lotus fades, and vain they chase,
Fatigued and faint, the drops that dew the face.
What though to northern climes thy journey lay,
Consent to track a shortly devious way;
To fair Ujaini's palaces and pride,
And beauteous daughters, turn a while aside;
Those glancing eyes, those lightning looks unseen,
Dark are thy days, and thou in vain hast been.
Diverging thither now the road proceeds,
Where eddying waters fair Nirvind'hya leads,

Who speaks the language amorous maids devise,
The lore of signs, the eloquence of eyes,
And seeks with lavish beauty to arrest
Thy course, and woo thee to her bridal breast.
The torrent passed, behold the Sindhu glide,
As though the hair-band bound the slender tide;
Bleached with the withered foliage that the breeze
Has showered rude from overhanging trees;
To thee she looks for succour to restore
Her lagging waters, and her leafy shore.
Behold the city whose immortal fame
Glows in Avanti's or Visala's name!
Renowned for deeds that worth and love inspire,
And bards to paint them with poetic fire:
The fairest portion of celestial birth,
Of Indra's paradise transferred to earth;
The lost reward to acts austerest given,
The only recompense then left to heaven.
Here as the earthly zephyrs waft along
In swelling harmony the woodland song,
They scatter sweetness from the fragrant flower
That joyful opens to the morning hour;
With friendly zeal they sport around the maid
Who early courts their vivifying aid,
And cool from Sipra's gelid waves embrace
Each languid limb, and enervating grace.
Here should thy spirit with thy toils decay,
Rest from the labours of the wearying way,
Round every house the flowery fragrance spreads;
O'er every floor the printed footstep treads;
Breathed through each casement, swell the scented air,
Soft odours shaken from dishevelled hair;

Pleased on each terrace dancing with delight,
The friendly peacock hails thy grateful flight:
Delay then, certain in Ujayin to find
All that restores the frame or cheers the mind,
Hence with new zeal to Siva homage pay,
The God whom earth, and hell, and heaven, obey:
The choir who tend his holy fane shall view,
With awe, in thee his neck's celestial blue;
Soft through the rustling grove the fragrant gale,
Shall sweets from Gand'havati's fount exhale;
Where with rich dust the lotus blossoms teem,
And youthful beauties frolic in the stream.
Here, till the sun has vanished in the west,
Till evening brings its sacred ritual, rest;
Then reap the recompense of holy prayer,
Like drums thy thunders echoing in the air.
They who with burning feet and aching arms,
With wanton gestures and emblazoned charms,
In Mahadeva's fane the measure tread,
Or wave the gorgeous chowrie o'er his head;
Shall turn on thee the grateful speaking eye,
Whose glances gleam like bees along the sky,
As from thy presence showers benign and sweet,
Cool the parched earth, and soothe their tender feet:
Nay more, Bhavani shall herself approve,
And pay thy services with looks of love;
When as her Siva's twilight rites begin,
And he would clothe him in the reeking skin,
He deemed thy form the sanguinary hide,
And casts his elephant attire aside;
For at his shoulders like a dusky robe,
Mantling impends thy vast and shadowy globe:

Where ample forests, stretched its skirts below,
Projecting trees like dangling limbs bestow;
And vermeil roses fiercely blooming shed
Their rich reflected glow, their blood-resembling red.
Amidst the darkness palpable that shrouds,
Deep as the touchstone's gloom, the night with clouds,
With glittering lines of yellow lightning break,
And frequent trace in heaven the golden streak:
To those fond fair who tread the royal way,
The path their doubtful feet explore, betray
Those thunders hushed, whose shower-foreboding
sound
Would check their ardour, and their hopes confound.
On some cool terrace, where the turtle-dove
In gentlest accents breathes connubial love,
Repose a while, or plead your amorous vows
Through the long night, the lightning for your spouse;
Your path retraced, resumed your promised flight,
When in the east the Sun restores the light;
And shun his course; for with the dawning sky,
The sorrowing wife dispels the tearful eye,
Her lord returned; so comes the Sun to chase
The dewy tears that stain the padma's face,
And ill his eager penitence will bear,
That thou shouldst check his progress thro' the air.
Now to Gambhiva's wave thy shadow flies,
And on the stream's pellucid surface lies,
Like some loved image faithfully imprest,
Deep in the maiden's pure unsullied breast:
And vain thy struggles to escape her wiles,
Or disappoint those sweetly treacherous smiles,
Which glistening sapharas insidious dart,

Bright as the lotus, at thy vanquished heart:
What breast so firm unmoved by female charms?
Not thine, my friend; for now her waving arms,
O'erhanging bayas, in thy grasp enclosed,
Rent her cerulean vest, and charms exposed,
Prove how successfully she tempts delay,
And wins thee loitering from the lengthening way.
Thence satiate lead along the gentle breeze,
That bows the lofty summit of the trees,
And pure with fragrance that the earth in flowers
Repays profuse to fertilising showers;
Vocal with sounds the elephants excite,
To Devagiri wings its welcome flight:
There change thy form and showering roses shed,
Bathed in the dews of heaven, on Scanda's head;
Son of the Crescent's God, whom holy ire
Called from the flame of all-devouring fire,
To snatch the Lord of Swerga from despair,
And timely save the trembling hosts of air.
Next bid thy thunders o'er the mountains float,
And echoing caves repeat the pealing note;
Fit music for the bird whose lucid eye
Gleams like the horned beauty of the sky,
Whose moulting plumes to love maternal dear,
Lend brilliant pendants to Bhavani's ear.
To him whose youth in Sara thickets strayed,
Reared by the nymphs, thy adoration paid,
Resume thy road, and to the world proclaim
The glorious tale of Rantideva's fame,
Sprung from the blood of countless oxen shed,
And a fair river through the regions spread.
Each lute-armed spirit from thy path retires,

Lest drops ungenial damp the tuneful wires;
Celestial couples bending from the skies,
Turn on thy distant course their downward eyes,
And watch thee lessening in thy long descent,
To rob the river's scanty stores intent;
As clothed in sacred darkness not thine own,
Thine is the azure of the costly stone;
A central sapphire, in the loosened girth
Of scattering pearls, that strung the blooming earth.
The streamlet traversed, to the eager sight
Of Dasapura's fair impart delight;
Welcomed with looks that sparkling eyes bestow,
Whose arching brows like graceful creepers glow,
Whose upturned lashes, to thy lofty way,
The pearly ball, and pupil dark display;
Such contrast as the lovely cunda shows,
When the black bee sits pleased amidst her snows.
Hence to the land of Brahma's favoured sons,
O'er Curu's fatal field thy journey runs;
With deepest glooms hang o'er the deadly plain,
Dewed with the blood of mighty warriors slain;
There Arjun's wrath opposing armies felt,
And countless arrows strong Gandiva dealt,
Thick as thy drops, that in the pelting shower
Incessant hurtle round the shrinking flower.
O'er Saraswati's waters wing your course,
And inward prove their purifying force;
Most holy, since oppressed with heaviest grief,
The ploughshare's mighty Lord, here sought relief
From kindred strife, and Revati withdrew,
And to these banks, and holy musing flew.
Thy journey next o'er Canac'hala bends,

When Jahnu's daughter from the hill descends,
Whose lengthening stream, to Sagar's virtue given,
Conducts his numerous progeny to heaven;
She who with smiling waves disportive strayed,
Through Sambhu's locks, and with his tresses played;
Unheeding as she flowed delighted down,
The gathering storm of Gauri's jealous frown.
Should her clear current tempt thy thirsty lip,
And thou inclining bend the stream to sip,
Thy form like Indra's Elephant displayed,
Shall clothe the crystal waves with deepest shade,
With sacred glooms the darkening waves shall glide,
As when the Jumna mixed with the tide.
As Siva's Bull upon his sacred neck,
Amidst his ermine, owns some sable speck,
So shall thy shade upon the mountain show,
Whose sides are silvered with eternal snow;
When Gunga leads her purifying waves,
And the musk deer spring frequent from the caves.
From writhing boughs should forest flames arise,
Whose breath the air, and brand the yac supplies,
Instant afford the aid 'tis thine to lend,
And with a thousand friendly streams descend;
For still on earth prosperity proceeds
From acts of love, and charitable deeds.
(Shame is the fruit of actions indiscreet,
And vain presumption ends but in defeat;)
So shall the sarabhas who thee oppose,
Themselves to pain and infamy expose;
When round their heads, amidst the lowering sky,
White as a brilliant smile, thy hailstones fly.
Next to the mountain with the foot imprest,

Of him who wears the crescent for his crest,
Devoutly pass, and with religious glow,
Around the spot in pious circles go:
For there have saints the sacred altar raised,
And there eternal offerings have blazed;
And blest the faithful worshippers, for they
The stain of sin with life shall cast away;
And after death a glad admittance gain,
To Siva's glorious and immortal train:
Here wake the chorus; bid the thunder's sound,
Deep and reiterated roll around,
Loud as a hundred drums; while softer strains,
The swelling gale breathes sweetly through the canes;
And from the lovely songsters of the skies,
Hymns to the victor of Tripura rise.
Thence to the snow-clad hills thy course direct
And Crauncha's celebrated pass select;
That pass the swans in annual flight explore:
And erst a Hero's mighty arrows tore.
Winding thy way, due north through the defile,
Thy form compressed, with borrowed grace shall
smile:
The sable foot that Bali marked with dread,
A God triumphant o'er creation spread.
Ascended thence a transient period rest,
Renowned Kailasa's venerated guest;
That mount whose sides with brightest lustre shine,
A polished mirror, worthy charm divine;
Whose base a Ravan from its centre wrung,
Shaken not sundered, stable though unstrung:
(Whose lofty peaks to distant realms in sight,
Present a Siva's smile, a lotus white.)

And lo! those peaks than ivory more clear,
When yet unstained the parted tusks appear,
Beam with new lustre, as around their head,
Thy glossy glooms metallic darkness spread;
As shows a Halabhrita's sable nest,
More fair the pallid beauty of his breast.
Haply across thy long and mountain way,
In sport may Gouri with her Siva stray,
The serpent bracelet from her wrist displaced,
And in her arms the mighty God embraced:
Should thus it fortune, be it thine to lend
A path their holy footsteps may ascend;
Close in thy hollow form thy stores comprest,
While by the touch of feet celestial blest.
Next let each maid of heaven, each blooming girl,
Thy graceful form in sportive mischief whirl;
While lightning gems around each wrist that wind,
Release the treasures in thy breast confined:
Nor fear their aim thy progress to delay;
A grateful succour in the sultry day;
For soon thy thunders shall disperse a train,
Of heart as timid, as of purpose vain.
Where bright the mountain's crystal glories break,
Explore the golden lotus-covered lake:
Imbibe the dews of Manasa, and spread
A friendly veil around Airavta's head;
Or life dispensing with the zephyrs go,
Where heavenly trees, with fainting blossoms blow.
Now on the mountain's side like some dear friend,
Behold the city of the Gods impend;
Thy goal behold, where Ganga's winding rill
Skirts like a costly train the sacred hill;

Where brilliant pearls descend in lucid showers,
And clouds like tresses clothe her lofty towers.
There every palace with thy glory vies,
Whose soaring summits kiss the lofty skies;
Whose beauteous inmates bright as lightning glare,
And tabors mock the thunders of the air;
The rainbow flickering gleams along the walls,
And glittering rain in sparkling diamonds falls,
There lovely triflers wanton through the day,
Dress all their care, and all their labour play;
One while the fluttering lotus fans the fair,
Or cunda top-knots crown the jetty hair;
Now o'er the cheek the loodh's pale pollen shines,
Now 'midst their curls the amaranth entwines;
These graces varying with the varying year,
Sirisha blossoms deck the tender ear;
Or new cadambas with thy coming born,
The parted locks and polished front adorn.
Thus graced they woo the Yacshas to their arms,
And gems, and wine, and music aid their charms,
The strains divine with art celestial thrill,
And wine from grapes of heavenly growth distil;
The gems bestrew each terrace of delight,
Like stars that glitter through the shades of night.
There when the Sun restores the rising day,
What deeds of love his tell-tale beams display;
The withered garlands on the pathway found,
The faded lotus prostrate on the ground,
The pearls that bursting zones have taught to roam,
Speak of fond maids, and wanderers from home.
High on its costly stem with diamonds bright,
The splendid lamp grows vivid through the night;

Or the soft glories of the lunar beam,
In gems condensed, diffuse their grateful gleam:
What though while Siva with the God of Gold,
Delights in friendly intercourse to hold;
The Lord of Love, remembering former woe,
Wields not in Alaca his bee-strung bow:
Yet still he triumphs, for each maid supplies
The fatal bow with love-inspiring eyes,
And wanton glances emulate the dart,
That speeds unerring to the beating heart.
The gale that blows eternally, their guide,
High over Alaca the Clouds divide,
Scattered they lie, as if dispersed by fear,
And conscious crime spoke retribution near:
Some just award, for showers that lately soiled
The painted floor, or gilded roof despoiled.
Northward from where Cuvera holds his state,
Where Indra's bow surmounts the arching gate;
Where on rich boughs the clustering flower depends,
And low to earth the tall mandara bends:
Pride of the grove, whose wants my fair supplies,
And nurtures like a child; my dwelling lies.
There is the fountain emerald steps denote,
Where golden buds on stalks of coral float,
And from whose limpid waves the swans forsake,
Pleased at thy sight, the mount encircled lake:
Soft from the pool ascends a shelving ground,
Where shades devoted to delight abound;
Where the cerulean summit towers above
The golden circle of a plantain grove:
Lamented haunts; whom now in thee I view,
As glittering lightnings girt thy base of blue.

See where the clustering madhavi entwines,
And bright curuvaca the wreath confines;
Profuse, asoca sheds its radiant flower,
And budding cesara adorns the bower;
These are my rivals; for the one would greet,
As I would willingly, my charmer's feet,
And with my fondness would the other sip,
The grateful nectar of her honeyed lip.
A golden column on a crystal base,
Begirt with jewels rises o'er the place;
Here when the evening twilight shades the skies,
The blue-necked peacock to the summit flies,
And moves in graceful circles to the tone,
My fair awakens from her tinkling zone.
These be thy guides; and faithfully preserve
The marks I give thee; or e'en more, observe,
Where painted emblems holy wealth design,
Cuvera's treasures; that abode is mine.
Haply its honours are not now to boast,
Dimmed by my fate, and in my exile lost;
For when the sun withdraws his cheering rays,
Faint are the charms the camala displays.
To those loved scenes repaired, that awful size,
Like a young elephant, in haste disguise;
Lest terror seize my fair one, as thy form
Hangs o'er the hillock, and portends the storm.
Then to the inner mansion bend thy sight,
Diffusing round a mild and quivering light,
As when through evening shades, soft flashes play,
Where the bright fire-fly wings his glittering way.
There in the fane, a beauteous creature stands,
The first best work of the Creator's hands;

Whose slender limbs inadequate bear
A full-orbed bosom, and a weight of care;
Whose teeth like pearls, whose lips like bimbas show,
And fawn-like eyes still tremble as they glow.
Lone as the widowed chacravaci mourns,
Her faithful memory to her husband turns,
And sad, and silent, shalt thou find my wife,
Half of my soul, and partner of my life,
Nipped by chill sorrow, as the flowers enfold
Their shrinking petals from the withering cold.
I view her now! long weeping swells her eyes,
And those dear lips are dried by parching sighs;
Sad on her hand her pallid cheek declines,
And half unseen through veiling tresses shines;
As when a darkling night the moon enshrouds,
A few faint rays break straggling through the clouds.
Now at thy sight I mark fresh sorrow flow,
And sacred sacrifice augments her woe;
I mark her now, with fancy's aid retrace
This wasted figure, and this haggard face;
Now from her favourite bird she seeks relief
And tells the tuneful sarica her grief,
Mourns o'er the feathered prisoner's kindred fate,
And fondly questions of its absent mate.
In vain the lute for harmony is strung,
And round the robe-neglected shoulder slung;
And faltering accents strive to catch in vain,
Our race's old commemorative strain:
The falling tear that from reflection springs,
Corrodes incessantly the silvery strings;
Recurring woe still pressing on the heart,
The skilful hand forgets its grateful art,

And idly wandering strikes no measured tone,
But wakes a sad wild warbling of its own.
At times such solace animates her mind,
As widowed wives in cheerless absence find;
She counts the flowers now faded on the floor,
That graced with monthly piety the door,
Thence reckons up the period since from home,
And far from her, was I compelled to roam;
And deeming fond my term of exile run,
Conceives my homeward journey is begun.
Lightened by tasks like these the day proceeds,
But much I dread a bitterer night succeeds;
When thou shalt view her on the earth's cold breast,
Or lonely couch of separation rest,
Disturbed by tears those pallid cheeks that burn,
And visions of her dearer half's return.
Now seeking sleep, a husband to restore,
And waking now, his absence to deplore;
Deprived of slumber by returning woes,
Or mocked by idle phantoms of repose;
Till her slight form, consumed by ceaseless pain,
Shows like the moon, fast hastening to its wane.
Crisp from the purifying wave her hair
Conceals the charms, no more her pleasing care;
And with neglected nails her fingers chase,
Fatigued, the tresses wandering o'er her face,
Firm winds the fillet, as it first was wove,
When fate relentless forced me from my love;
And never flowery wreaths, nor costly pearls,
Must hope to decorate the fettered curls;
Loosed by no hand, until the law divine,
Accomplished, that delighted hand is mine.

Dull as the flower when clouds through ether sweep,
Not wholly waking, nor resigned to sleep;
Her heavy eyelids languidly unclose,
To where the moon its silvery radiance throws
Mild through the chamber; once a welcome light,
Avoided now, and hateful to her sight.
Those charms that glittering ornaments oppress,
Those restless slumbers that proclaim distress,
That slender figure worn by grief severe,
Shall surely gain thy sympathising tear;
(For the soft breast is swift to overflow,
In moist compassion, at the claims of woe.)
The same fond wife as when compelled to part,
Her love was mine, I still possess her heart;
Her well-known faith this confidence affords,
Nor vain conceit suggests unmeaning words;
No boaster I! and time shall quickly teach,
With observation joined, how just my speech.
O'er her left limbs shall glad pulsations play,
And signs auspicious indicate thy way;
And like the lotus trembling on the tide,
While its deep roots the sportive fish divide,
So tremulous throbs the eye's enchanting ball,
Loose o'er whose lids neglected tresses fall.
Soothed by expected bliss, should gentle sleep
O'er her soft limbs and frame exhausted creep,
Delay thy tidings, and suspend thy flight,
And watch in silent patience through the night;
Withhold thy thunders, lest the awful sound
Her slumber banish, and her dreams confound,
Where her fond arms like winding shrubs she flings
Around my neck, and to my bosom clings.

Behold her rising with the early morn,
Fair as the flower that opening buds adorn;
And strive to animate her drooping mind
With cooling rain-drops, and refreshing wind;
Restrain thy lightnings, as her timid gaze,
Shrinks from the bright intolerable blaze;
And murmuring softly, gentle sounds prepare,
With words like these to raise her from despair.
"Oh, wife adored! whose lord still lives for thee;
Behold his friend and messenger in me;
Who now approach thy beauteous presence fraught
With many a tender and consoling thought;
Such tasks are mine: where absent lovers stray,
I speed the wanderer lightly on his way;
And with my thunders teach his lagging mind,
New hopes the braid of absence to unbind."
As beauteous Mait'hili with glad surprise,
Bent on the Son of Air her opening eyes;
So my fair partner's pleased uplifted gaze,
Thy friendly presence with delight surveys;
She smiles, she speaks, her misery foregoes,
And deep attention on thy words bestows;
For such dear tidings happiness impart,
Scarce less than mutual meeting to the heart.
Being, of years protracted, aid thy friend,
And with my words thine own suggestions blend;
Say thus: "Thy lord o'er Rama's mountain strays,
Nor cares but those of absence blight his days;
His only wish by me his friend to know,
If he is blest with health, that thou art so;
For still this fear especially must wait
On every creature of our passing state.

What though to distance driven by wrath divine,
Imagination joins his form with thine;
Such as I view is his emaciate frame,
Such his regrets, his scorching pangs the same;
To every sigh of thine, his sigh replies,
And tears responsive trickle from his eyes.
By thee unheard, by those bright eyes unseen,
Since fate resists, and regions intervene,
To me the message of his love consigned,
Portrays the sufferings of his constant mind;
Oh, were he present, fondly would he seek
In secret whisper that inviting cheek;
Woo thee in close approach his words to hear,
And breathe these tender accents in thine ear."

"Goddess beloved, how vainly I explore
The world to trace the semblance I adore;
Thy graceful form the flexile tendril shows,
And like thy locks the peacock's plumage glows;
Mild as thy cheeks, the moon's new beams appear,
And those soft eyes adorn the timid deer;
In rippling brooks thy curling brows I see,
But only view combined these charms in thee.
E'en in these wilds our unrelenting fate,
Proscribes the union love and art create;
When with the colours that the rock supplies,
O'er the rude stone thy pictured beauties rise,
Fain would I think, once more we fondly meet,
And seek to fall in homage at thy feet;
In vain; for envious tears my purpose blight,
And veil the lovely image from my sight.
Why should the God who wields the five-fold dart,

Direct his shafts at this afflicted heart;
Nor spare to agonise an aching breast
By sultry suns, and banishment oppressed;
Oh, that these heavy hours would swiftly fly,
And lead a happier fate, and milder sky.
Believe me, dearest, that my doom severe,
Obtains from heavenly eyes the frequent tear;
And where the spirits of these groves attend,
The pitying drops in pearly showers descend;
As oft in sleep they mark my outstretched arms,
That clasp in blissful dreams thy fancied charms,
Play through the air, and fold in fond embrace
Impassive matter, and ethereal space.
Soft and delightful to my senses blows
The breeze that southward wafts Himalaya's snows,
And rich impregnated with gums divine,
Exuding fragrant from the shattered pine.
Diffuses sweets to all, but most to me;
Has it not touched; does it not breathe of thee?
What are my tasks: to speed the lagging night,
And urge impatiently the rising light;
The light returned, I sicken at the ray,
And shun as eagerly the shining day:
Vain are my labours in this lonely state,
But fate proscribes, and we must bow to fate.
Let then my firmness save thee from despair,
Who trust myself, nor sink beneath my care;
Trust to futurity, for still we view,
The always wretched, always blest are few;
Life like a wheel's revolving orb turns round,
Now whirled in air, now dragged along the ground.
When from his serpent couch that swims the deep,

Sarangi rises from celestial sleep;
When four more months unmarked have run their course;
To us all gloom; the curse has lost its force:
The grief from separation born expires,
And autumn's nights reward our chaste desires.
Once more I view thee as mine eyes unclose,
Laid by my side, and lulled by soft repose;
And now I mark thee startle from thy sleep,
Loose thy enfolding arms, and wake to weep;
My anxious love long vainly seeks reply;
Till, as the smile relumes that lucid eye,
Thy arch avowal owns that jealous fear,
Affrighted slumber, and aroused the tear.
While thus, O goddess with the dark black eyes,
My fond assurance confidence supplies,
Let not the tales that idle tatlers bear,
Subvert thy faith, nor teach thee to despair:
True love no time nor distance can destroy,
And independent of all present joy,
It grows in absence, as renewed delight,
Some dear memorials, some loved lines excite."

Such, vast Dispenser of the dews of heaven,
Such is my suit, and such thy promise given;
Fearless upon thy friendship I rely,
Nor ask that promise, nor expect reply:
To thee the thirsty chatacas complain;
Thy only answer is the falling rain;
And still such answer from the good proceeds,
Who grant our wishes, not in words, but deeds.
Thy task performed, consoled the mourner's mind;

Haste thy return these solitudes to find;
Soar from the mountain, whose exalted brow
The horns of Siva's bull majestic plough,
And hither speeding, to my sorrowing heart,
Shrunk like the bud at dawn, relief impart.
With welcome news my woes tumultuous still,
And all my wishes tenderly fulfil.
Then to whatever scenes invite thy way,
Waft thy rich stores, and grateful glooms convey;
And ne'er may destiny like mine divide
Thy brilliant spouse, the lightning, from thy side.
This said, he ceased: the messenger of air
Conveyed to Alaca his wild despair;
The God of Wealth relenting learnt his state,
And swift curtailed the limit of his fate;
Removed the curse, restored him to his wife,
And blest with ceaseless joy their everlasting life.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA;

OR,

SACRED SONG.

THE BHAGAVAD-GITA.

DIALOGUES OF KREESHNA AND ARJOON IN EIGHTEEN LECTURES.

LECTURE I.

THE GRIEF OF ĂRJŎŎN.

DHRĒĒTĂRĂSHTRĂ *said:*

Tell me, O *Sănjăy*, what the people of my own party, and those of the *Păndŏŏs*, who are assembled at *Kŏŏrŏŏk-shĕtrĕ*, resolved for war, have been doing.

SĂNJĂY *replied:*

Dŏŏryŏdhăn having seen the army of the *Păndŏŏs* drawn up for battle, went to his Preceptor, and addressed him in the following words: "Behold! O master," said he, "the mighty army of the sons of *Păndŏŏ* drawn forth by the pupil, the experienced son of *Drŏŏpăd*. In it are heroes, such as *Bhĕĕm* or *Ărjŏŏn*; there is *Yŏŏyŏŏhănă* and *Vĕĕrăt* and *Drŏŏpăd*, and *Dhrĕĕshtăkĕtŏŏ* and *Chĕkĕĕtănă*, and the valiant prince of *Kăsĕĕ*, and *Pŏŏrŏŏjĕĕt*, and *Kŏŏntĕĕbhŏjă*, and *Shyă* a

mighty chief, and *Yōōdhāmānyōō-Vēēkrāntā*, and the daring *Ōōtāmowjā;* so the son of *Sōōbhādrā*, and the sons of *Krēēshnā*, the daughter of *Drōōpād*, all of them great in arms. Be acquainted also with the names of those of our party who are the most distinguished. I will mention a few of those who are amongst my generals, by way of example. There is thyself, my Preceptor, and *Bhēēshmā*, and *Krēēpā* the conqueror in battle, and *Aswāātthāmā*, and *Vēēkārnā*, and the son of *Sāmā-dāttā*, with others in vast numbers who for my service have forsaken the love of life. They are all of them practised in the use of arms, and experienced in every mode of fight. Our innumerable forces are commanded by *Bhēēshmā*, and the inconsiderable army of our foes is led by *Bhēēm*. Let all the generals, according to their respective divisions, stand in their posts, and one and all resolve *Bhēēshmā* to support."

The ancient chief, and brother of the grandsire of the *Kōōrōōs*, then, shouting with a voice like a roaring lion, blew his shell to raise the spirits of the *Kōōrōō* chief; and instantly innumerable shells, and other warlike instruments, were struck up on all sides, so that the clangour was excessive. At this time *Krēēshnā* and *Ārjōōn* were standing in a splendid chariot drawn by white horses. They also sounded their shells, which were of celestial form: the name of the one which was blown by *Krēēshnā* was *Pānchājānyā*, and that of *Ārjōōn* was called *Dēvā-dāttā*. *Bhēēm*, of dreadful deeds, blew his capacious shell *Powndrā*, and *Yōō-dhēēshtēēr*, the royal son of *Kōōntēē*, sounded *Ānāntā-Vēējāy*. *Nākōōl* and *Sāhādēvā* blew their shells also; the one called *Sōōgōshā*, the other *Mānēēpōōshpākā*.

The prince of *Kāsēē* of the mighty bow, *Sēēkhāndēē*, *Dhrēēshtādhōōmnā*, *Veerāta*, *Sātyākēē* of invincible arm, *Drōōpād* and the sons of his royal daughter *Krēēshnā*, with the son of *Sōōbhādrā*, and all the other chiefs and nobles, blew also their respective shells; so that their shrill sounding voices pierced the hearts of the *Kōōrōōs*, and re-echoed with a dreadful noise from heaven to earth.

In the meantime *Ārjōōn*, perceiving that the sons of *Dhrēētārāshtrā* stood ready to begin the fight, and that the weapons began to fly abroad, having taken up his bow, addressed *Krēēshnā* in the following words:

ĀRJŌŌN.

I pray thee, *Krēēshnā*, cause my chariot to be driven and placed between the two armies, that I may behold who are the men that stand ready, anxious to commence the bloody fight; and with whom it is that I am to fight in this ready field; and who they are that are here assembled to support the vindictive son of *Dhrēētārāshtrā* in the battle.

Krēēshnā being thus addressed by *Ārjōōn*, drove the chariot; and, having caused it to halt in the midst of the space in front of the two armies, bade *Ārjōōn* cast his eyes towards the ranks of the *Kōōrōōs*, and behold where stood the aged *Bhēēshmā*, and *Drōn*, with all the chief nobles of their party. He looked at both the armies, and beheld, on either side, none but grandsires, uncles, cousins, tutors, sons, and brothers; and when he had gazed for a while, and beheld such friends as these prepared for the fight, he was seized with extreme pity and compunction, and uttered his sorrow in the following words:

ĀRJŎŎN.

Having beheld, O *Krĕĕshnă!* my kindred thus standing anxious for the fight, my members fail me, my countenance withereth, the hair standeth on end upon my body, and all my frame trembleth with horror! Even *Gāndēēv* my bow escapeth from my hand, and my skin is parched and dried up. I am not able to stand; for my understanding, as it were, turneth round, and I behold inauspicious omens on all sides. When I shall have destroyed my kindred, shall I longer look for happiness? I wish not for victory, *Krĕĕshnă*; I want not dominion; I want not pleasure; for what is dominion, and the enjoyments of life, or even life itself, when those for whom dominion, pleasure, and enjoyment were to be coveted, have abandoned life and fortune, and stand here in the field ready for the battle? Tutors, sons and fathers, grandsires and grandsons, uncles and nephews, cousins, kindred, and friends! Although they would kill me, I wish not to fight them; no, not even for the dominion of the three regions of the universe, much less for this little earth! Having killed the sons of *Dhrĕĕtărāshtră*, what pleasure, O *Krĕĕshnă*, can we enjoy? Should we destroy them, tyrants as they are, sin would take refuge with us. It therefore behoveth us not to kill such near relations as these. How, O *Krĕĕshnă*, can we be happy hereafter, when we have been the murderers of our race? What if they, whose minds are depraved by the lust of power, see no sin in the extirpation of their race, no crime in the murder of their friends, is that a reason why we should not resolve to turn away from such a crime; we who abhor the sin of extirpating the kindred of our blood? In the destruc-

tion of a family, the ancient virtue of the family is lost. Upon the loss of virtue, vice and impiety overwhelm the whole of a race. From the influence of impiety the females of a family grow vicious; and from women that are become vicious are born the spurious brood called *Vărnă-sănkăr*. The *Sănkăr* provideth hell both for those which are slain and those which survive; and their forefathers, being deprived of the ceremonies of cakes and water offered to their manes, sink into the infernal regions. By the crimes of those who murder their own relations, sore cause of contamination and birth of *Vărnă-sănkărs*, the family virtue, and the virtue of a whole tribe is for ever done away; and we have been told, O *Krĕĕshnă*, that the habitation of those mortals whose generation hath lost its virtue shall be in hell. Woe is me! what a great crime are we prepared to commit! Alas! that for the lust of the enjoyments of dominion we stand here ready to murder the kindred of our own blood! I would rather patiently suffer that the sons of *Dhrĕĕtărăshtră*, with their weapons in their hands, should come upon me, and, unopposed, kill me unguarded in the field.

When *Ărjŏŏn* had ceased to speak, he sat down in the chariot between the two armies; and having put away his bow and arrows, his heart was overwhelmed with affliction.

LECTURE II.

OF THE NATURE OF THE SOUL, AND SPECULATIVE DOCTRINES.

Krēēshnă beholding him thus influenced by compunction, his eyes overflowing with a flood of tears, and his heart oppressed with deep affliction, addressed him in the following words:

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

Whence, O *Ărjŏŏn*, cometh unto thee, thus standing in the field of battle, this folly and unmanly weakness? It is disgraceful, contrary to duty, and the foundation of dishonour. Yield not thus to unmanliness, for it ill becometh one like thee. Abandon this despicable weakness of thy heart, and stand up.

ĂRJŎŎN.

How, O *Krēēshnă*, shall I resolve to fight with my arrows in the field against such as *Bhēēshmă* and *Drōn*, who, of all men, are most worthy of my respect? I would rather beg my bread about the world, than be the murderer of my preceptors, to whom such awful reverence is due. Should I destroy such friends as these, I should partake of possessions, wealth, and pleasures polluted with their blood. We know not whether it would be better that we should defeat them, or they us; for those, whom having killed, I should not wish to live, are even the sons and people of *Dhrēētărāshtră* who are here drawn up before us. My compassionate nature is overcome by the dread of sin.

Tell me truly what may be best for me to do. I am thy disciple, wherefore instruct me in my duty, who am under thy tuition; for my understanding is confounded by the dictates of my duty, and I see nothing that may assuage the grief which drieth up my faculties, although I were to obtain a kingdom without a rival upon earth, or dominion over the hosts of heaven.

Árjŏŏn having thus spoken to *Krēēshnă*, and declared that he would not fight, was silent. *Krēēshnă*, smiling, addressed the afflicted prince, standing in the midst of the two armies, in the following words:

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

Thou grievest for those who are unworthy to be lamented, whilst thy sentiments are those of the wise men. The wise neither grieve for the dead nor for the living. I myself never *was not*, nor thou, nor all the princes of the earth; nor shall we ever hereafter cease *to be*. As the soul in this mortal frame findeth infancy, youth, and old age; so, in some future frame, will it find the like. One who is confirmed in this belief is not disturbed by anything that may come to pass. The sensibility of the faculties giveth heat and cold, pleasure and pain; which come and go, and are transient and inconstant. Bear them with patience, O son of *Bhārăt;* for the wise man, whom these disturb not, and to whom pain and pleasure are the same, is formed for immortality. A thing imaginary hath no existence, whilst that which is true is a stranger to nonentity. By those who look into the principles of things, the design of each is seen. Learn that he by whom all things were formed is incorruptible, and that no one is able to effect the

destruction of this thing which is inexhaustible. These bodies, which envelop the souls which inhabit them, which are eternal, incorruptible, and surpassing all conception, are declared to be finite beings; wherefore, O *Arjŏŏn*, resolve to fight. The man who believeth that it is the soul which killeth, and he who thinketh that the soul may be destroyed, are both alike deceived; for it neither killeth, nor is it killed. It is not a thing of which a man may say, it hath been, it is about to be, or is to be hereafter; for it is a thing without birth, it is ancient, constant, and eternal, and is not to be destroyed in this its mortal frame. How can the man who believeth that this thing is incorruptible, eternal, inexhaustible, and without birth, think that he can either kill or cause it to be killed? As a man throweth away old garments, and putteth on new, even so the soul, having quitted its old mortal frames, entereth into others which are new. The weapon divideth it not, the fire burneth it not, the water corrupteth it not, the wind drieth it not away; for it is indivisible, inconsumable, incorruptible, and is not to be dried away: it is eternal, universal, permanent, immovable; it is invisible, inconceivable, and unalterable; therefore, believing it to be thus, thou shouldst not grieve. But whether thou believest it of eternal birth and duration, or that it dieth with the body, still thou hast no cause to lament it. Death is certain to all things which are subject to birth, and regeneration to all things which are mortal; wherefore it doth not behove thee to grieve about that which is inevitable. The former state of beings is unknown, the middle state is evident, and their future state is not to be discovered. Why then shouldst thou trouble

thyself about such things as these? Some regard the soul as a wonder, whilst some speak and others hear of it with astonishment; but no one knoweth it, although he may have heard it described. This spirit being never to be destroyed in the mortal frame which it inhabiteth, it is unworthy for thee to be troubled for all these mortals. Cast but thy eyes towards the duties of thy particular tribe, and it will ill become thee to tremble. A soldier of the *Kshåtrěě* tribe hath no duty superior to fighting. Just to thy wish the door of heaven is found open before thee. Such soldiers only as are the favourites of Heaven obtain such a glorious fight as this. But if thou wilt not perform the duty of thy calling, and fight out the field, thou wilt abandon thy duty and thy honour, and be guilty of a crime. Mankind speak of thy renown as infinite and inexhaustible. The fame of one who hath been respected in the world is extended even beyond the dissolution of the body. The generals of the armies will think that thy retirement from the field arose from fear, and thou wilt become despicable even amongst those by whom thou wert wont to be respected. Thy enemies will speak of thee in words which are unworthy to be spoken, and depreciate thy courage and abilities: what can be more dreadful than this? If thou art slain, thou wilt obtain heaven; if thou art victorious, thou wilt enjoy a world for thy reward; wherefore, son of *Kŏŏntěě*, arise and be determined for the battle. Make pleasure and pain, gain and loss, victory and defeat, the same, and then prepare for battle; or if thou dost not, thou wilt be criminal in a high degree. Let thy reason be thus applied in the field of battle.

This thy judgment is formed upon the speculative

doctrines of the *Sānkhyā-sāstrā;* hear what it is in the practical, with which being endued thou shalt forsake the bonds of action. A very small portion of this duty delivereth a man from great fear. In this there is but one judgment; but that is of a definite nature, whilst the judgments of those of indefinite principles are infinite and of many branches.

Men of confined notions, delighting in the controversies of the *Vēds*, tainted with worldly lusts, and preferring a transient enjoyment of heaven to eternal absorption, whilst they declare there is no other reward, pronounce, for the attainment of worldly riches and enjoyments, flowery sentences, ordaining innumerable and manifold ceremonies, and promising rewards for the actions of this life. The determined judgment of such as are attached to riches and enjoyment, and whose reason is led astray by this doctrine, is not formed upon mature consideration and meditation. The objects of the *Vēds* are of a threefold nature. Be thou free from a threefold nature; be free from duplicity, and stand firm in the path of truth; be free from care and trouble, and turn thy mind to things which are spiritual. The knowing divine findeth as many uses in the whole *Vēds* collectively, as in a reservoir full flowing with water.

Let the motive be in the deed, and not in the event Be not one whose motive for action is the hope of reward. Let not thy life be spent in inaction. Depend upon application, perform thy duty, abandon all thoughts of the consequence, and make the event equal, whether it terminate in good or evil; for such an equality is called *Yōg*. The action stands at a distance inferior to the application of wisdom. Seek an asylum then in

wisdom alone; for the miserable and unhappy are so on account of the event of things. Men who are endued with true wisdom are unmindful of good or evil in this world. Study then to obtain this application of thy understanding, for such application in business is a precious art.

Wise men, who have abandoned all thought of the fruit which is produced from their actions, are freed from the chains of birth, and go to the regions of eternal happiness.

When thy reason shall get the better of the gloomy weakness of thy heart, then shalt thou have attained all knowledge which hath been, or is worthy to be taught. When thy understanding, by study brought to maturity, shall be fixed immovably in contemplation, then shall it obtain true wisdom.

ĂRJŎŎN.

What, O *Krĕĕshnă*, is the distinction of that wise and steady man who is fixed in contemplation? What may such a sage declare? Where may he dwell? how may he act?

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

A man is said to be confirmed in wisdom when he forsaketh every desire which entereth into his heart, and of himself is happy, and contented in himself. His mind is undisturbed in adversity, he is happy and contented in prosperity, and he is a stranger to anxiety, fear, and anger. Such a wise man is called a *Mŏŏnĕĕ*. The wisdom of that man is established, who in all things is without affection; and, having received good or evil,

neither rejoiceth at the one, nor is cast down by the other. His wisdom is confirmed, when, like the tortoise, he can draw in all his members, and restrain them from their wonted purposes. The hungry man loseth every other object but the gratification of his appetite, and when he is acquainted with the Supreme, he loseth even that. The tumultuous senses hurry away, by force, the heart even of the wise man who striveth to restrain them. The inspired man, trusting in me, may quell them and be happy. The man who hath his passions in subjection, is possessed of true wisdom.

The man who attendeth to the inclinations of the senses, in them hath a concern; from this concern is created passion, from passion anger, from anger is produced folly, from folly a deprivation of the memory, from the loss of memory the loss of reason, and from the loss of reason the loss of all! A man of a governable mind, enjoying the objects of his senses, with all his faculties rendered obedient to his will, and freed from pride and malice, obtaineth happiness supreme. In this happiness is born to him an exemption from all his troubles; and his mind being thus at ease, wisdom presently floweth to him from all sides. The man who attendeth not to this, is without wisdom or the power of contemplation. The man who is incapable of thinking, hath no rest. What happiness can he enjoy who hath no rest? The heart, which followeth the dictates of the moving passions, carrieth away his reason, as the storm the bark in the raging ocean. The man, therefore, who can restrain all his passions from their inordinate desires, is endued with true wisdom. Such an one walketh but in that night when all things go to rest, the

night of *time*. The contemplative *Mŏŏnēē* sleepeth but in the day of *time*, when all things wake.

The man whose passions enter his heart as waters run into the unswelling passive ocean, obtaineth happiness; not he who lusteth in his lusts. The man who, having abandoned all lusts of the flesh, walketh without inordinate desires, unassuming, and free from pride, obtaineth happiness. This is divine dependence. A man being possessed of this confidence in the Supreme, goeth not astray; even at the hour of death, should he attain it, he shall mix with the incorporeal nature of *Brăhm*.

LECTURE III.

OF WORKS.

ĂRJŎŎN.

If, according to thy opinion, the use of the understanding be superior to the practice of deeds, why then dost thou urge me to engage in an undertaking so dreadful as this? Thou, as it were, confoundest my reason with a mixture of sentiments; wherefore choose one amongst them by which I may obtain happiness, and explain it unto me.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

It hath before been observed by me, that in this world there are two institutes. That of those who follow the *Sānkhyă*, or speculative science, which is the exercise of

reason in contemplation; and the practical, or exercise of the moral and religious duties.

The man enjoyeth not freedom from action, from the non-commencement of that which he hath to do; nor doth he obtain happiness from a total inactivity. No one ever resteth a moment inactive. Every man is involuntarily urged to act by those principles which are inherent in his nature. The man who restraineth his active faculties, and sitteth down with his mind attentive to the objects of his senses, is called one of an astrayed soul, and the practiser of deceit. So the man is praised, who, having subdued all his passions, performeth with his active faculties all the functions of life, unconcerned about the event. Perform the settled functions: action is preferable to inaction. The journey of thy mortal frame may not succeed from inaction. This busy world is engaged from other motives than the worship of the Deity. Abandon then, O son of *Kŏŏntĕĕ*, all selfish motives, and perform thy duty for him alone. When in ancient days *Brăhmă*, the lord of the creation, had formed mankind, and, at the same time, appointed his worship, he spoke and said: "With this worship pray for increase, and let it be that on which ye shall depend for the accomplishment of all your wishes. With this remember the Gods, that the Gods may remember you. Remember one another, and ye shall obtain supreme happiness. The Gods being remembered in worship, will grant you the enjoyment of your wishes. He who enjoyeth what hath been given unto him by them, and offereth not a portion unto them, is even as a thief. Those who eat not but what is left of the offerings, shall be purified of all their transgressions. Those who dress

their meat but for themselves eat the bread of sin. All things which have life are generated from the bread which they eat. Bread is generated from rain; rain from divine worship, and divine worship from good works. Know that good works come from *Brăhm*, whose nature is incorruptible; wherefore the omnipresent *Brăhm* is present in the worship."

The sinful mortal, who delighteth in the gratification of his passions, and followeth not the wheel thus revolving in the world, liveth but in vain.

But the man who may be self-delighted and self-satisfied, and who may be happy in his own soul, hath no occasion. He hath no interest either in that which is done or that which is not done; and there is not, in all things which have been created, any object on which he may place dependence. Wherefore, perform thou that which thou hast to do, at all times, unmindful of the event; for the man who doeth that which he hath to do, without affection, obtaineth the Supreme.

Jānăkă and others have attained perfection even by works. Thou shouldst also observe what is the practice of mankind, and act accordingly. The man of low degree followeth the example of him who is above him, and doeth that which he doeth. I myself, *Ărjŏŏn*, have not, in the three regions of the universe, anything which is necessary for me to perform nor anything to obtain which is not obtained; and yet I live in the exercise of the moral duties. If I were not vigilantly to attend to these duties, all men would presently follow my example. If I were not to perform the moral actions, this world would fail in their duty; I should be the cause of spurious births, and should drive the people from the right way.

As the ignorant perform the duties of life from the hope of reward, so the wise man, out of respect to the opinions and prejudices of mankind, should perform the same without motives of interest. He should not create a division in the understandings of the ignorant, who are inclined to outward works. The learned man, by industriously performing all the duties of life, should induce the vulgar to attend to them.

The man whose mind is led astray by the pride of self-sufficiency, thinketh that he himself is the executor of all those actions which are performed by the principles of his constitution. But the man who is acquainted with the nature of the two distinctions of cause and effect, having considered that principles will act according to their natures, giveth himself no trouble. Men who are led astray by the principles of their natures, are interested in the works of the faculties. The man who is acquainted with the whole, should not drive those from their works who are slow of comprehension and less experienced than himself. Throw every deed on me, with a heart over which the soul presideth, be free from hope, be unpresuming, be free from trouble, and resolve to fight.

Those who with a firm belief, and without reproach, shall constantly follow this my doctrine, shall be saved even by works; and know that those who, holding it in contempt, follow not this my counsel, are astrayed from all wisdom, deprived of reason, and are lost.

But the wise man also seeketh for that which is homogeneous to his own nature. All things act according to their natures—what then will restrain effect? In every purpose of the senses are fixed affection and dislike. A

wise man should not put himself in their power, for both of them are his opponents. A man's own religion, though contrary to, is better than the faith of another, let it be ever so well followed. It is good to die in one's own faith, for another's faith beareth fear.

ĂRJŌŎN.

By what, O *Krěēshnă*, is man propelled to commit offences? He seems as if, contrary to his wishes, he was impelled by some secret force.

KRĚĒSHNĂ.

Know that it is the enemy lust, or passion, offspring of the carnal principle, insatiable and full of sin, by which this world is covered as the flame by the smoke, as the mirror by rust, or as the fœtus by its membrane. The understanding of the wise man is obscured by this inveterate foe, in the shape of desire, who rageth like fire, and is hard to be appeased. It is said that the senses, the heart, and the understanding are the places where he delighteth most to rule. By the assistance of these he overwhelmeth reason, and stupefieth the soul. Thou shouldst therefore first subdue thy passions, and get the better of this sinful destroyer of wisdom and knowledge.

The organs are esteemed great, but the mind is greater than they. The resolution is greater than the mind, and who is superior to the resolution is He. When thou hast resolved what is superior to the resolution, and fixed thyself by thyself, determine to abandon the enemy in the shape of desire, whose objects are hard to be accomplished.

LECTURE IV.

OF THE FORSAKING OF WORKS.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

This never-failing discipline I formerly taught unto *Vĕĕvăswăt*, and *Vĕĕvăswăt* communicated it to *Mănŏŏ*, and *Mănŏŏ* made it known unto *Ĕĕkshwăkŏŏ;* and being delivered down from one unto another, it was studied by the *Răjărshĕĕs;* until at length, in the course of time, the mighty art was lost. It is even the same discipline which I have this day communicated unto thee, because thou art my servant and my friend. It is an ancient and supreme mystery.

ĂRJŎŎN.

Seeing thy birth is posterior to the life of *Ĕĕkshwăkŏŏ*, how am I to understand that thou hadst been formerly the teacher of this doctrine?

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

Both I and thou have passed many births. Mine are known unto me; but thou knowest not of thine.

Although I am not in my nature subject to birth or decay, and am the lord of all created beings; yet, having command over my own nature, I am made evident by my own power; and as often as there is a decline of virtue, and an insurrection of vice and injustice, in the world, I make myself evident; and thus I appear, from age to age, for the preservation of the just, the destruction of the wicked, and the establishment of virtue.

He, O *Ărjŏŏn*, who from conviction acknowledgeth

my divine birth and actions to be even so, doth not, upon his quitting his mortal frame, enter into another, for he entereth into me. Many who were free from affection, fear, and anger, and, filled with my spirit, depended upon me, having been purified by the power of wisdom, have entered into me. I assist those men who in all things walk in my path, even as they serve me.

Those who wish for success to their works in this life, worship the *Dēvătās*. That which is achieved in this life, from works, speedily cometh to pass.

Mankind was created by me of four kinds, distinct in their principles and in their duties. Know me then to be the creator of mankind, uncreated, and without decay.

Works affect not me, nor have I any expectations from the fruits of works. He who believeth me to be even so, is not bound by works. The ancients who longed for eternal salvation, having discovered this, still performed works. Wherefore perform thou works, even as they were performed by the ancients in former times. The learned even are puzzled to determine what is work, and what is not. I will tell thee what that work is, by knowing which thou wilt be delivered from misfortune. It may be defined—action, improper action, and inaction. The path of action is full of darkness.

He who may behold, as it were, *inaction* in action, and *action* in inaction, is wise amongst mankind. He is a perfect performer of all duty.

Wise men call him a *Pĕndĕĕt*, whose every undertaking is free from the idea of desire, and whose actions are consumed by the fire of wisdom. He abandoneth the desire of a reward of his actions; he is always

contented and independent; and although he may be engaged in a work, he, as it were, doeth nothing. He is unsolicitous, of a subdued mind and spirit, and exempt from every perception; and, as he doeth only the offices of the body, he committeth no offence. He is pleased with whatever he may by chance obtain, he hath gotten the better of duplicity, and he is free from envy. He is the same in prosperity and adversity; and although he acteth, he is not confined in the action. The work of him who hath lost all anxiety for the event, who is freed from the bonds of action, and standeth with his mind subdued by spiritual wisdom, and who performeth it for the sake of worship, cometh altogether unto nothing. God is the gift of charity; God is the offering; God is in the fire of the altar; by God is the sacrifice performed; and God is to be obtained by him who maketh God alone the object of his works.

Some of the devout attend to the worship of the *Dēvătās*, or angels; others, with offerings, direct their worship unto God in the fire; others sacrifice their ears and other organs in the fire of constraint; whilst some sacrifice sound, and the like, in the fire of their organs. Some again sacrifice the actions of all their organs and faculties in the fire of self-constraint, lighted up by the spark of inspired wisdom. There are also the worshippers with offerings, and the worshippers with mortifications; and again the worshippers with enthusiastic devotion; so there are those, the wisdom of whose reading is their worship, men of subdued passions and severe manners. Some there are who sacrifice their breathing spirit, and force it downwards from its natural course; whilst others force the spirit which is below

back with the breath; and a few, with whom these two faculties are held in great esteem, close up the door of each; and there are some, who eat but by rule, who sacrifice their lives in their lives. All these different kinds of worshippers are, by their particular modes of worship, purified from their offences. He who enjoyeth but the *Ámrĕĕtă* which is left of his offerings, obtaineth the eternal spirit of *Brăhm*, the Supreme. This world is not for him who doth not worship; and where, O *Árjŏŏn*, is there another?

A great variety of modes of worship like these are displayed in the mouth of God. Learn that they are all the offsprings of action. Being convinced of this, thou shalt obtain an eternal release; for know that the worship of spiritual wisdom is far better than the worship with offerings of things. In wisdom is to be found every work without exception. Seek then this wisdom with prostrations, with questions, and with attention, that those learned men who see its principles may instruct thee in its rules; which having learnt, thou shalt not again, O son of *Pāndŏŏ*, fall into folly; by which thou shalt behold all nature in the spirit—that is, in me. Although thou wert the greatest of all offenders, thou shalt be able to cross the gulf of sin with the bark of wisdom. As the natural fire, O *Árjŏŏn*, reduceth the wood to ashes, so may the fire of wisdom reduce all moral actions to ashes. There is not anything in this world to be compared with wisdom for purity. He who is perfected by practice, in due time findeth it in his own soul. He who hath faith findeth wisdom; and, above all, he who hath gotten the better of his passions, and having obtained this spiritual wisdom, he shortly

enjoyeth superior happiness; whilst the ignorant, and the man without faith, whose spirit is full of doubt, is lost. Neither this world, nor that which is above, nor happiness, can be enjoyed by the man of a doubting mind. The human actions have no power to confine the spiritual mind, which by study hath forsaken works, and which by wisdom hath cut asunder the bonds of doubt. Wherefore, O son of *Bhărăt*, resolve to cut asunder this doubt, offspring of ignorance, which hath taken possession of thy mind, with the edge of the wisdom of thy own soul, and arise and attach thyself to the discipline.

LECTURE V.

OF FORSAKING THE FRUITS OF WORKS.

ĂRJŎŎN.

Thou now speakest, O *Krĕĕshnă*, of the forsaking of works, and now again of performing them. Tell me positively which of the two is best.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

Both the desertion and the practice of works are equally the means of extreme happiness; but of the two the practice of works is to be distinguished above the desertion. The perpetual recluse, who neither longeth nor complaineth, is worthy to be known. Such an one is free from duplicity, and is happily freed from the bond of action. Children only, and not the learned, speak of

the speculative and the practical doctrines as two. They are but one, for both obtain the self-same end, and the place which is gained by the followers of the one, is gained by the followers of the other. That man seeth, who seeth that the speculative doctrines and the practical are but one. To be a *Sănnyăsĕĕ*, or recluse, without application, is to obtain pain and trouble; whilst the *Mŏŏnĕĕ*, who is employed in the practice of his duty, presently obtaineth *Brăhm*, the Almighty. The man who, employed in the practice of works, is of a purified soul, a subdued spirit, and restrained passions, and whose soul is the universal soul, is not affected by so being. The attentive man, who is acquainted with the principles of things, in seeing, hearing, touching, smelling, eating, moving, sleeping, breathing, talking, quitting, taking, opening and closing his eyes, thinketh that he doeth nothing; but that the faculties are only employed in their several objects. The man who, performing the duties of life, and quitting all interest in them, placeth them upon *Brăhm*, the Supreme, is not tainted by sin; but remaineth like the leaf of the lotus unaffected by the waters. Practical men, who perform the offices of life but with their bodies, their minds, their understandings, and their senses, and forsake the consequence for the purification of their souls; and although employed, forsake the fruit of action, obtain infinite happiness; whilst the man who is unemployed, being attached to the fruit by the agent desire, is in the bonds of confinement. The man who hath his passions in subjection, and with his mind forsaketh all works, his soul sitteth at rest in the nine-gate city of its abode, neither acting nor causing to act.

The Almighty createth neither the powers nor the deeds of mankind, nor the application of the fruits of action: nature prevaileth. The Almighty receiveth neither the vices nor the virtues of any one. Mankind are led astray by their reasons being obscured by ignorance; but when that ignorance of their souls is destroyed by the force of reason, their wisdom shineth forth again with the glory of the sun, and causeth the Deity to appear. Those whose understandings are in him, whose souls are in him, whose confidence is in him, and whose asylum is in him, are by wisdom purified from all their offences, and go from whence they shall never return.

The learned behold him alike in the reverend *Brāhmān* perfected in knowledge, in the ox and in the elephant; in the dog, and in him who eateth of the flesh of dogs. Those whose minds are fixed on the equality, gain eternity even in this world. They put their trust in *Brāhm*, the Eternal, because he is everywhere alike, free from fault.

The man who knoweth *Brāhm*, and confideth in *Brāhm*, and whose mind is steady and free from folly, should neither rejoice in prosperity nor complain in adversity. He whose soul is unaffected by the impressions made upon the outward feelings, obtaineth what is pleasure in his own mind. Such an one, whose soul is thus fixed upon the study of *Brāhm*, enjoyeth pleasure without decline. The enjoyments which proceed from the feelings are as the wombs of future pain. The wise man, who is acquainted with the beginning and the end of things, delighteth not in these. He who can bear up against the violence which is produced from lust and

anger in this mortal life, is properly employed and a happy man. The man who is happy in his heart, at rest in his mind, and enlightened within, is a *Yōgēē*, or one devoted to God, and of a godly spirit; and obtaineth the immaterial nature of *Brāhm*, the Supreme. Such *Rēēshēēs* as are purified from their offences, freed from doubt, of subdued minds, and interested in the good of all mankind, obtain the incorporeal *Brāhm*. The incorporeal *Brāhm* is prepared, from the beginning, for such as are free from lust and anger, of humble minds and subdued spirits, and who are acquainted with their own souls.

The man who keepeth the outward accidents from entering his mind, and his eyes fixed in contemplation between his brows; who maketh his breath to pass through both his nostrils alike in expiration and inspiration; who is of subdued faculties, mind, and understanding, and hath set his heart upon salvation, and who is free from lust, fear, and anger, is for ever blessed in this life; and, being convinced that I am the cherisher of religious zeal, the lord of all the worlds, and the friend of all nature, he shall obtain me and be blessed.

LECTURE VI.

OF THE EXERCISE OF SOUL.

KRĒĒSHNĀ.

He is both a *Yōgēē* and a *Sānnyāsēē* who performeth that which he hath to do independent of the fruit thereof;

not he who liveth without the sacrificial fire and with action. Learn, O son of *Pāndōō*, that what they call *Sānnyās*, or a forsaking of the world, is the same with *Yōg* or the practice of devotion. He cannot be a *Yōgēē* who, in his actions, hath not abandoned all intentions. Works are said to be the means by which a man who wisheth, may attain devotion; so rest is called the means for him who hath attained devotion. When the all-contemplative *Sānnyāsēē* is not engaged in the objects of the senses, nor in works, then he is called one who hath attained devotion. He should raise himself by himself; he should not suffer his soul to be depressed. Self is the friend of self; and, in like manner, self is its own enemy. Self is the friend of him by whom the spirit is subdued with the spirit; so self, like a foe, delighteth in the enmity of him who hath no soul. The soul of the placid conquered spirit is the same collected in heat and cold, in pain and pleasure, in honour and disgrace. The man whose mind is replete with divine wisdom and learning, who standeth upon the pinnacle, and hath subdued his passions, is said to be devout. To the *Yōgēē*, gold, iron, and stones are the same. The man is distinguished whose resolutions, whether amongst his companions or friends; in the midst of enemies, or those who stand aloof or go between; with those who love and those who hate; in the company of saints or sinners, is the same.

The *Yōgēē* constantly exerciseth the spirit in private. He is recluse, of a subdued mind and spirit; free from hope, and free from perception. He planteth his own seat firmly on a spot that is undefiled, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth upon the sacred grass which is called *Kōōs*, covered with a skin and a cloth. There he

whose business is the restraining of his passions, should sit, with his mind fixed on one object alone, in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and body steady without motion, his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around. The peaceful soul, released from fear, who would keep in the path of one who followeth God, should restrain the mind, and, fixing it on me, depend on me alone. The *Yōgēē* of a humbled mind, who thus constantly exerciseth his soul, obtaineth happiness incorporeal and supreme in me.

This divine discipline, *Ărjōōn*, is not to be attained by him who eateth more than enough, or less than enough; neither by him who hath a habit of sleeping much, nor by him who sleepeth not at all. The discipline which destroyeth pain belongeth to him who is moderate in eating and in recreation, whose inclinations are moderate in action, and who is moderate in sleep. A man is called devout when his mind remaineth thus regulated within himself, and he is exempt from every lust and inordinate desire. The *Yōgēē* of a subdued mind, thus employed in the exercise of his devotion, is compared to a lamp standing in a place without wind, which waveth not. He delighteth in his own soul, where the mind, regulated by the service of devotion, is pleased to dwell, and where, by the assistance of the spirit, he beholdeth the soul. He becometh acquainted with that boundless pleasure which is far more worthy of the understanding than that which ariseth from the senses; depending upon which, the mind moveth not from its principles; which having obtained, he respecteth no other acquisition so great as it; in which depending, he is not moved by the

severest pain. This disunion from the conjunction of pain may be distinguished by the appellation *Yŏg*, spiritual union or devotion. It is to be attained by resolution, by the man who knoweth his own mind. When he hath abandoned every desire that ariseth from the imagination, and subdued with his mind every inclination of the senses, he may, by degrees, find rest; and having, by a steady resolution, fixed his mind within himself, he should think of nothing else. Wheresoever the unsteady mind roameth, he should subdue it, bring it back, and place it in his own breast. Supreme happiness attendeth the man whose mind is thus at peace; whose carnal affections and passions are thus subdued; who is thus in God, and free from sin. The man who is thus constantly in the exercise of the soul, and free from sin, enjoyeth eternal happiness, united with *Brăhm* the Supreme. The man whose mind is endued with this devotion, and looketh on all things alike, beholdeth the supreme soul in all things, and all things in the supreme soul. He who beholdeth me in all things, and beholdeth all things in me, I forsake not him, and he forsaketh not me. The *Yŏgĕĕ* who believeth in unity, and worshippeth me present in all things, dwelleth in me in all respects, even whilst he liveth. The man, O *Ărjŏŏn*, who, from what passeth in his own breast, whether it be pain or pleasure, beholdeth the same in others, is esteemed a supreme *Yŏgĕĕ*.

ĂRJŎŎN.

From the restlessness of our natures, I conceive not the permanent duration of this doctrine of equality which thou hast told me. The mind, O *Krĕĕshnă*, is naturally

unsteady, turbulent, strong, and stubborn. I esteem it as difficult to restrain as the wind.

KREESHNA.

The mind, O valiant youth, is undoubtedly unsteady, and difficult to be confined; yet, I think, it may be restrained by practice and temperance. In my opinion, this divine discipline which is called *Yŏg* is hard to be attained by him who hath not his soul in subjection; but it may be acquired by him who taketh pains, and hath his soul in his own power.

ĂRJŎŎN.

Whither, O *Krĕĕshnă*, doth the man go after death, who, although he be endued with faith, hath not obtained perfection in his devotion, because his unsubdued mind wandered from the discipline? Doth not the fool who is found standing not in the path of *Brăhm*, and thus, as it were, is fallen between good and evil, come like a broken cloud to nothing? Thou, *Krĕĕshnă*, canst entirely clear up these my doubts; and there is no other person to be found able to remove these difficulties.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

His destruction is found neither here nor in the world above. No man who hath done good goeth unto an evil place. A man whose devotions have been broken off by death, having enjoyed for an immensity of years the rewards of his virtues in the regions above, at length is born again in some holy and respectable family; or perhaps in the house of some learned *Yŏgĕĕ*. But such a regeneration into this life is the most difficult to attain.

Being thus born again, he is endued with the same degree of application and advancement of his understanding that he held in his former body; and here he begins again to labour for perfection in devotion. The man who is desirous of learning this devotion, this spiritual application of the soul, exceedeth even the word of *Brăhm.* The *Yŏgēē* who, labouring with all his might, is purified of his offences, and, after many births, made perfect, at length goeth to the supreme abode. The *Yŏgēē* is more exalted than *Tăpăswēēs*, those zealots who harass themselves in performing penances, respected above the learned in science, and superior to those who are attached to moral works; wherefore, O *Ărjŏŏn*, resolve thou to become a *Yŏgēē.* Of all *Yŏgēēs*, I respect him as the most devout, who hath faith in me, and who serveth me with a soul possessed of my spirit.

LECTURE VII.

OF THE PRINCIPLES OF NATURE, AND THE VITAL SPIRIT.

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

Hear, O *Ărjŏŏn*, how having thy mind attached to me, being in the exercise of devotion, and making me alone thy asylum, thou wilt at once, and without doubt, become acquainted with me. I will instruct thee in this wisdom and learning without reserve; which having learnt, there is not in this life any other that is taught worthy to be known.

A few amongst ten thousand mortals strive for perfection; and but a few of those who strive and become perfect, know me according to my nature. My principle is divided into eight distinctions—earth, water, fire, air, and ether (*Khăng*); together with mind, understanding, and *Ahăng-kăr* (self-consciousness): but besides this, know that I have another principle distinct from this, and superior, which is of a vital nature, and by which this world is supported. Learn that these two are the womb of all nature. I am the creation and the dissolution of the whole universe. There is not anything greater than I; and all things hang on me, even as precious gems upon a string. I am moisture in the water, light in the sun and moon, invocation in the *Vēds*, sound in the firmament, human nature in mankind, sweet-smelling savour in the earth, glory in the source of light; in all things I am life, and I am zeal in the zealous; and know, O *Ărjŏŏn*, that I am the eternal seed of all nature. I am the understanding of the wise, the glory of the proud, the strength of the strong, free from lust and anger; and in animals I am desire regulated by moral fitness. But know that I am not in those natures which are of the three qualities called *Sătwă*, *Răjă*, and *Tămă*, although they proceed from me: yet they are not in me. The whole of this world being bewildered by the influence of these threefold qualities, knoweth not that I am distinct from these and without decline. This my divine and supernatural power, endued with these principles and properties, is hard to be o ercome. They who come unto me get the better of this supernatural influence. The wicked, the foolish, and the low-minded come not unto me, because their under-

standings being bewildered by the supernatural power, they trust in the principles of evil spirits.

I am, O *Árjŏŏn*, served by four kinds of people who are good—the distressed, the inquisitive, the wishers after wealth, and the wise. But of all these the wise man, who is constantly engaged in my service, and is a servant but of one, is the most distinguished. I am extremely dear to the wise man, and he is dear unto me. All these are exalted; but I esteem the wise man even as myself, because his devout spirit dependeth upon me alone as his ultimate resource. The wise man proceedeth not unto me until after many births; for the exalted mind, who believeth that the son of *Vāsŏŏdēv* is all, is hard to be found. Those whose understandings are drawn away by this and that pursuit, go unto other *Dēvătās*. They depend upon this and that rule of conduct, and are governed by their own principles. Whatever image any supplicant is desirous of worshipping in faith, it is I alone who inspire him with that steady faith; with which being endued, he endeavoureth to render that image propitious, and at length he obtaineth the object of his wishes as it is appointed by me. But the reward of such short-sighted men is finite. Those who worship the *Dēvătās* go unto them, and those who worship me alone go unto me. The ignorant, being unacquainted with my supreme nature, which is superior to all things, and exempt from decay, believe me, who am invisible, to exist in the visible form under which they see me. I am not visible to all, because I am concealed by the supernatural power that is in me. The ignorant world do not discover this, that I am not subject to birth or decay. I know, O *Árjŏŏn*, all the beings that have passed, all that

are present, and all that shall hereafter be; but there is not one amongst them who knoweth me. All beings in birth find their reason fascinated and perplexed by the wiles of contrary sensations, arising from love and hatred. Those men of regular lives, whose sins are done away, being freed from the fascination arising from those contending passions, enjoy me. They who put their trust in me, and labour for a deliverance from decay and death, know *Brăhm*, the whole *Ădhēē-ătmă*, and every *Kărmă*. The devout souls who know me to be the *Ădhēē-bhŏŏt*, the *Ădhēē-dēvă*, and the *Ădhēē-yăgnă*, know me also in the time of their departure.

LECTURE VIII.

OF PŎŎRŎŎSH.

ĂRJŎŎN.

What is that *Brăhm?* What is *Ădhēē-ătmă?* What is *Kărmă*, O first of men? What also is *Ădhēē-bhŏŏt* called? What *Ădhēē-dēvă?* Who is *Ădhēē-yăgnă*, and who is here in this body? How art thou to be known in the hour of departure by men of subdued minds?

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

Brăhm is that which is supreme and without corruption; *Ădhēē-ătmă* is *Swă-bhăb* or particular constitution, disposition, quality, or nature; *Kărmă* is that emanation from which proceedeth the generation of natural beings;

Ádhĭĕ-bhŏŏt is the destroying nature; *Ádhĭĕ-dĭvă* is *Pŏŏrŏŏsh;* and *Ádhĭĕ-yăgnă*, or superintendent of worship, is myself in this body. At the end of time, he who, having abandoned his mortal frame, departeth thinking only of me, without doubt goeth unto me; or else, whatever other nature he shall call upon, at the end of life, when he shall quit his mortal shape, he shall ever go unto it. Wherefore at all times think of me alone and fight. Let thy mind and understanding be placed in me alone, and thou shalt, without doubt, go unto me. The man who longeth after the Divine and Supreme Being, with his mind intent upon the practice of devotion, goeth unto him. The man who shall in the last hour call up the ancient Prophet, the prime director, the most minute atom, the preserver of all things, whose countenance is like the sun, and who is distinct from darkness, with a steady mind attached to his service, with the force of devotion, and his whole soul fixed between his brows, goeth unto that Divine Supreme Being who is called *Părăm-Pŏŏrŏŏsh.*

I will now summarily make thee acquainted with that path which the doctors of the *Văds* call never-failing; which the men of subdued minds and conquered passions enter; and which, desirous of knowing, they live the lives of *Brăhmă-chărĕĕs* or godly pilgrims. He who, having closed up all the doors of his faculties, locked up his mind in his own breast, and fixed his spirit in his head, standing firm in the exercise of devotion, repeating in silence *Ŏm!* the mystic sign of *Brăhm*, thence called "*Ekăkshăr*," shall, on his quitting this mortal frame calling upon me, without doubt go the journey of supreme happiness. He who thinketh constantly of me,

his mind undiverted by another object, I will at all times be easily found by that constant adherent to devotion; and those elevated souls, who have thus attained supreme perfection, come unto me, and are no more born in the finite mansion of pain and sorrow. Know, O *Ârjŏŏn*, that all the regions between this and the abode of *Brăhm* afford but a transient residence; but he who findeth me, returneth not again to mortal birth.

They who are acquainted with day and night, know that the day of *Brăhmă* is as a thousand revolutions of the *Yŏŏgs*, and that his night extendeth for a thousand more. On the coming of that day, all things proceed from invisibility to visibility; so, on the approach of night, they are all dissolved away in that which is called *invisible*. The universe, even, having existed, is again dissolved; and now again, on the approach of day, by divine necessity, it is reproduced. That which, upon the dissolution of all things else, is not destroyed, is superior and of another nature from that visibility: it is invisible and eternal. He who is thus called invisible and incorruptible, is even he who is called the Supreme Abode; when men having once obtained, they never more return to earth: that is my mansion. That Supreme Being is to be obtained by him who worshippeth no other Gods. In him is included all nature; by him all things are spread abroad.

I will now speak to thee of that time in which, should a devout man die, he will never return; and of that time, in which dying, he shall return again upon the earth.

Those holy men who are acquainted with *Brăhm*, departing this life in the fiery light of day, in the bright

season of the moon, within the six months of the sun's northern course, go unto him; but those who depart in the gloomy night of the moon's dark season, and whilst the sun is yet within the southern path of his journey, ascend for a while into the regions of the moon, and again return to mortal birth. These two, light and darkness, are esteemed the world's eternal ways: he who walketh in the former path returneth not; whilst he who walketh in the latter cometh back again upon the earth. A *Yōgēē*, who is acquainted with these two paths of action, will never be perplexed; wherefore, O *Ārjōōn*, be thou at all times employed in devotion. The fruit of this surpasseth all the rewards of virtue pointed out in the *Vēds*, in worshippings, in mortifications, and even in the gifts of charity. The devout *Yōgēē*, who knoweth all this, shall obtain a supreme and prior place.

LECTURE IX.

OF THE CHIEF OF SECRETS AND PRINCE OF SCIENCE.

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

I will now make known unto thee, who findest no fault, a most mysterious secret, accompanied by profound learning, which having studied thou shalt be delivered from misfortune. It is a sovereign art, a sovereign mystery, sublime and immaculate; clear unto the sight, virtuous, inexhaustible, and easy to be performed.

Those who are infidels to this faith, not finding me, return again into this world, the mansion of death.

This whole world was spread abroad by me in my invisible form. All things are dependent on me, and I am not dependent on them; and all things are not dependent on me. Behold my divine connection! My creative spirit is the keeper of all things, not the dependent. Understand that all things rest in me, as the mighty air, which passeth everywhere, resteth for ever in the ethereal space. At the end of the period *Kālp* all things, O son of *Kōōntī*, return into my primordial source, and at the beginning of another *Kālp* I create them all again. I plant myself on my own nature, and create, again and again, this assemblage of beings, the whole, from the power of *nature*, without power. Those works confine not me, because I am like one who sitteth aloof uninterested in those works. By my supervision *nature* produceth both the movable and the immovable. It is from this source, O *Ārjōōn*, that the universe resolveth.

The foolish, being unacquainted with my supreme and divine nature, as lord of all things, despise me in this human form, trusting to the evil, diabolic, and deceitful principle within them. They are of vain hope, of vain endeavours, of vain wisdom, and void of reason; whilst men of great minds, trusting to their divine natures, discover that I am before all things and incorruptible, and serve me with their hearts undiverted by other Gods.

Men of rigid and laborious lives come before me humbly bowing down, for ever glorifying my name; and they are constantly employed in my service: but others

serve me, worshipping me, whose face is turned on all sides, with the worship of wisdom, unitedly, separately, in various shapes. I am the sacrifice; I am the worship; I am the spices; I am the invocation; I am the ceremony to the manes of the ancestors; I am the provisions; I am the fire, and I am the victim: I am the father and the mother of this world, the grandsire and the preserver. I am the holy one worthy to be known; the mystic figure *Ŏm;* the *Rĕĕk*, the *Sām*, and *Yăjŏŏr Vēds.* I am the journey of the good; the comforter; the creator; the witness; the resting-place; the asylum, and the friend. I am generation and dissolution; the place where all things are reposited, and the inexhaustible seed of all nature. I am sunshine, and I am rain: I now draw in, and now let forth. I am death and immortality: I am entity and nonentity.

The followers of the three *Vēds*, who drink of the juice of the *Som*, being purified of their offences, address me in sacrifices, and petition for heaven. These obtain the regions of *Ĕĕndrā*, the prince of celestial beings, in which heaven they feast upon celestial food and divine enjoyments; and when they have partaken of that spacious heaven for a while, in proportion to their virtues, they sink again into this mortal life, as soon as their stock of virtue is expended. In this manner those who, longing for the accomplishment of their virtues, follow the religion pointed out by the three *Vēds*, obtain a transient reward. But those who, thinking of no other, serve me alone, I bear the burthen of the devotion of those who are thus constantly engaged in my service. They also who serve other Gods with a firm belief, in doing so, involuntarily worship even me. I

am he who partaketh of all worship, and I am their reward. Because mankind are unacquainted with my nature, they fall again from heaven. Those who worship the *Dēvātās* go unto the *Dēvātās;* the worshippers of the *Pēētrēēs*, or patriarchs, go unto the *Pēētrēēs;* the servants of the *Bhōōts*, or spirits, go unto the *Bhōōts;* and they who worship me go unto me.

I accept and enjoy the holy offerings of the humble soul who in his worship presenteth leaves and flowers, and fruit and water, unto me. Whatever thou doest, O *Ărjōōn*, whatever thou eatest, whatever thou sacrificest, whatever thou givest, whatever thou shalt be zealous about, make each an offering unto me. Thou shalt thus be delivered with good and evil fruits, and with the bonds of works. Thy mind being joined in the practice of a *Sănnyāsēē*, thou shalt come unto me. I am the same to all mankind: there is not one who is worthy of my love or hatred. They who serve me with adoration, I am in them and they in me. If one whose ways are ever so evil serve me alone, he is as respectable as the just man; he is altogether well employed; he soon becometh of a virtuous spirit, and obtaineth eternal happiness. Recollect, O son of *Kōōntēē*, that my servant doth not perish. Those even who may be of the womb of sin, women, the tribes of *Vīsyă* and *Sōōdră*, shall go the supreme journey if they take sanctuary with me; how much more my holy servants the *Brāhmans* and the *Rājārshēēs!* Consider this world as a finite and joyless place, and serve me. Be of my mind, my servant, my adorer, and bow down before me. Unite thy soul, as it were, unto me; make me thy asylum, and thou shalt go unto me.

LECTURE X.

OF THE DIVERSITY OF THE DIVINE NATURE.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

Hear again, O valiant youth, my supreme words, which I will speak unto thee, who art well pleased because I am anxious for thy welfare.

Neither the hosts of *Sŏŏrs* nor the *Măhărshĕĕs* know of my birth; because I am before all the *Dĕvătăs* and *Măhărshĕĕs.* Whoso, free from folly, knoweth me to be without birth, before all things, and the mighty ruler of the universe, he shall, amongst mortals, be saved with all his transgressions. The various qualities incident to natural beings, such as reason, knowledge, unembarrassed judgment, patience, truth, humility, meekness, pleasure and pain, birth and death, fear and courage, mercy, equality, gladness, charity, zeal, renown and infamy, all distinctly come from me. So in former days the seven *Măhărshĕĕs* and the four *Mănŏŏs,* who are of my nature, were born of my mind, of whom are descended all the inhabitants of the earth. He who knoweth this my distinction and my connection, according to their principles, is without doubt endued with an unerring devotion. I am the creator of all things, and all things proceed from me. Those who are endued with spiritual wisdom believe this and worship me: their very hearts and minds are in me; they rejoice amongst themselves, and delight in speaking of my name, and teaching one another my doctrine. I gladly inspire those who are constantly employed in my service with that use of

reason by which they come unto me; and, in compassion, I stand in my own nature, and dissipate the darkness of their ignorance with the light of the lamp of wisdom.

ĂRJŎŎN.

All the *Rēēshēēs*, the *Dēvărshēēs*, and the prophet *Nărăd*, call thee the Supreme *Brăhm;* the supreme abode; the most holy; the most high God; the eternal *Pōōrōōsh*, the divine being before all other gods, without birth, the mighty Lord! Thus say *Ăsēētă*, *Dēvălă*, *Vyăs*, and thou thyself hast told me so; and I firmly believe, O *Kēsăvă*, all thou tellest me. Neither the *Dēws* nor the *Dănōōs* are acquainted, O Lord, with thy appearance. Thou alone, O first of men! knowest thy own spirit; thou, who art the production of all nature, the ruler of all things, the God of Gods, and the universal Lord! Thou art now able to make me acquainted with those divine portions of thyself, by which thou possessest and dwellest in this world. How shall I, although I constantly think of thee, be able to know thee? In what particular natures art thou to be found? Tell me again in full what is thy connection, and what thy distinction; for I am not yet satisfied with drinking of the living water of thy words.

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

Blessings be upon thee! I will make thee acquainted with the chief of my divine distinctions, as the extent of my nature is infinite.

I am the soul which standeth in the bodies of all beings. I am the beginning, the middle, and the end

of all things. Amongst the *Ādeetyās* I am *Veeshnōō*, and the radiant *Rāvee* amongst the stars; I am *Māreechee* amongst the *Mārōōts*, and *Sāsee* amongst the *Nākshātrās;* amongst the *Vēds* I am the *Sām*, and I am *Vāsāvā* amongst the *Dēws*. Amongst the faculties I am the mind, and amongst animals I am reason. I am *Sānkār* amongst the *Rōōdrās*, and *Veettēsā* amongst the *Yākshās* and the *Rākshās*. I am *Pāvāk* amongst the *Vāsōōs*, and *Mērōō* amongst the aspiring mountains. Amongst teachers know that I am their chief *Vreehāspātee;* amongst warriors I am *Skāndā;* and amongst floods I am the ocean. I am *Bhreegōō* amongst the *Māhārshees*, and I am the monosyllable amongst words. I am amongst worships the *Yāp* or silent worship, and amongst immovables the mountain *Heemālāy*. Of all the trees of the forest I am the *Āswātthā*, and of all the *Dēvārshees* I am *Nārād*. I am *Cheetrā-rāth* amongst *Gāndhārvs* and the *Mōōnee Kāpeel* amongst the saints. Know that amongst horses I am *Ōōchisrāvā*, who arose with the *Āmreetā* from out the ocean. Amongst elephants I am *Irāvāt*, and the sovereign amongst men. Amongst weapons I am the *Vājrā* or thunderbolt, and amongst cattle the cow *Kāmā-dhōōk*. I am the prolific *Kāndārp* the God of love; and amongst serpents I am *Vāsōōkee* their chief. I am *Ānāntā* amongst the *Nāgs*, and *Vārōōn* amongst the inhabitants of the waters. I am *Aryāmā* amongst the *Peetrees*, and I am *Yām* amongst all those who rule. Amongst the *Dityās* (evil spirits) I am *Prāhlād*, and *Kāl* (time) amongst computations. Amongst beasts I am the king of beasts, and *Vēnātēyā* amongst the feathered tribe. Amongst purifiers I am *Pāvān* the air, and *Rām*

amongst those who carry arms. Amongst fishes I am the *Mākār*, and amongst rivers I am *Gāngā* the daughter of *Jāhnōō*. Of things transient I am the beginning, the middle, and the end. Of all science I am the knowledge of the ruling spirit, and of all speaking I am the oration. Amongst letters I am the vowel *a*, and of all compound words I am the *Dwāndwā*. I am also never-failing time; the preserver, whose face is turned on all sides. I am all-grasping death; and I am the resurrection of those who are about to be. Amongst fœminines I am fame, fortune, eloquence, memory, understanding, fortitude, patience. Amongst harmonious measures I am the *Gāyātrēē*, and amongst *Sāms* I am the *Vrēēhāt Sām*. Amongst the months I am the month of *Mārgā-sēērshā*, and amongst seasons the season *Kōōsōōmākārā* (spring). Amongst frauds I am gaming; and of all things glorious I am the glory. I am victory, I am industry, and I am the essence of all qualities. Of the race of *Vrēēshnēē* I am the son of *Vāsōōdēv*, and amongst the *Pāndōōs*, *Ārjōōn-Dhānān-jāy*. I am *Vyās* amongst the *Mōōnēēs*, and amongst the *Bards* I am the prophet *Ōōsanā*. Amongst rulers I am the rod, and amongst those who seek for conquest I am policy. Amongst the secret I am silence, and amongst the wise I am wisdom. I am, in like manner, O *Ārjōōn*, that which is the seed of all things in nature; and there is not anything, whether animate or inanimate, that is without me. My divine distinctions are without end, and the many which I have mentioned are by way of example. And learn, O *Ārjōōn*, that every being which is worthy of distinction and pre-eminence is the produce of the portion of my glory. But what, O *Ārjōōn*, hast

thou to do with this manifold wisdom? I planted this whole universe with a single portion and stood still.

LECTURE XI.

DISPLAY OF THE DIVINE NATURE IN THE FORM OF THE UNIVERSE.

ĂRJŌŌN.

This supreme mystery, distinguished by the name of the *Ădhēē-ātmā*, or ruling spirit, which, out of loving-kindness, thou hast made known unto me, hath dissipated my ignorance and perplexity. I have heard from thee a full account of the creation and destruction of all things, and also of the mightiness of thy inexhaustible spirit. It is even as thou hast described thyself, O mighty Lord! I am now, O most elevated of men, anxious to behold thy divine countenance; wherefore, if thou thinkest it may be beheld by me, show me thy never-failing spirit.

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

Behold, O *Ărjŏŏn*, my million forms divine, of various species, and diverse shapes and colours. Behold the *Ădēētyăs*, and the *Văsŏŏs*, and the *Rŏŏdrăs*, and the *Mărŏŏts*, and the twins *Ăswēēn* and *Kŏŏmăr*. Behold things wonderful, never seen before. Behold, in this my body, the whole world animate and inanimate, and all things else thou hast a mind to see. But

as thou art unable to see with these thy natural eyes, I will give thee a heavenly eye, with which behold my divine connection.

SĂNJĂY.

The mighty compound and divine being *Hărĕĕ*, having, O *Rājā*, thus spoken, made evident unto *Ărjŏŏn* his supreme and heavenly form; of many a mouth and eye; many a wondrous sight; many a heavenly ornament; many an upraised weapon; adorned with celestial robes and chaplets; anointed with heavenly essence; covered with every marvellous thing; the eternal God, whose countenance is turned on every side! The glory and amazing splendour of this mighty being may be likened to the sun rising at once into the heavens, with a thousand times more than usual brightness. The son of *Pāndŏŏ* then beheld within the body of the God of Gods, standing together, the whole universe divided forth into its vast variety. He was overwhelmed with wonder, and every hair was raised on end. He bowed down his head before the God, and thus addressed him with joined hands.

ĂRJŎŎN.

I behold, O God! within thy breast, the *Dēws* assembled, and every specific tribe of beings. I see *Brăhmā*, that Deity sitting on his lotus-throne; all the *Rĕĕshĕĕs* and heavenly *Ŏŏrāgās*. I see thyself, on all sides, of infinite shape, formed with abundant arms, and bellies, and mouths, and eyes; but I can neither discover thy beginning, thy middle, nor again thy end, O universal Lord, form of the universe! I see thee

with a crown, and armed with club and *Châkrâ*, a mass of glory, darting refulgent beams around. I see thee, difficult to be seen, shining on all sides with light immeasurable, like the ardent fire or glorious sun. Thou art the Supreme Being, incorruptible, worthy to be known! Thou art prime supporter of the universal orb! Thou art the never-failing and eternal guardian of religion! Thou art from all beginning, and I esteem thee *Pŏŏrŏŏsh*. I see thee without beginning, without middle, and without end; of valour infinite; of arms immeasurable; the sun and moon thy eyes; thy mouth a flaming fire, and the whole world shining with thy reflected glory! The space between the heavens and the earth is possessed by thee alone, and every point around: the three regions of the universe, O mighty spirit! behold the wonders of thy awful countenance with troubled minds. Of the celestial bands, some I see fly to thee for refuge; whilst some, afraid, with joined hands sing forth thy praise. The *Mâhârshĕĕs*, holy bards, hail thee, and glorify thy name with adorating praises. The *Rŏŏdrâs*, the *Adĕĕtyâs*, the *Vâsŏŏs*, and all those beings the world esteemeth good; *Âswĕĕn* and *Kŏŏmâr*, the *Mârŏŏts* and the *Ooshmâpâs*; the *Gândhârvs* and the *Yâkshâs*, with the holy tribes of *Sŏŏrs*, all stand gazing on thee, and all alike amazed! The worlds, alike with me, are terrified to behold thy wondrous form gigantic; with many mouths and eyes; with many arms, and legs, and breasts; with many bellies, and with rows of dreadful teeth! Thus as I see thee, touching the heavens, and shining with such glory; of such various hues, with widely-opened mouths, and bright expanded eyes,

I am disturbed within me; my resolution faileth me, O *Vēēshnōō!* and I find no rest! Having beholden thy dreadful teeth, and gazed on thy countenance, emblem of Time's last fire, I know not which way I turn! I find no peace! Have mercy then, O God of Gods! thou mansion of the universe! The sons of *Dhrēētārāshtrā*, now, with all those rulers of the land, *Bhēēshmā*, *Drōn*, the son of *Sōōt*, and even the fronts of our army, seem to be precipitating themselves hastily into thy mouths, discovering such frightful rows of teeth! whilst some appear to stick between thy teeth with their bodies sorely mangled. As the rapid streams of full-flowing rivers roll on to meet the ocean's bed, even so these heroes of the human race rush on towards thy flaming mouths. As troops of insects, with increasing speed, seek their own destruction in the flaming fire; even so these people, with swelling fury, seek their own destruction. Thou involvest and swallowest them altogether, even unto the last, with thy flaming mouths; whilst the whole world is filled with thy glory, as the awful beams, O *Vēēshnōō*, shine forth on all sides! Reverence be unto thee, thou most exalted! Deign to make known unto me who is this God of awful figure! I am anxious to learn thy source, and ignorant of what thy presence here portendeth.

KRĒĒSHNĀ.

I am Time, the destroyer of mankind, matured, come hither to seize at once all these who stand before us. Except thyself, not one of all these warriors, destined against us in these numerous ranks, shall live. Wherefore, arise! seek honour and renown! defeat the foe,

and enjoy the full-grown kingdom! They are already, as it were, destroyed by me. Be thou alone the immediate agent. Be not disturbed! Kill *Drōn*, and *Bhēēshmă*, and *Jăyădrăth*, and *Kărnă*, and all the other heroes of the war already killed by me. Fight! and thou shalt defeat thy rivals in the field.

SĂNJĂY.

When the trembling *Ărjŏŏn* heard these words from the mouth of *Krēēshnă*, he saluted him with joined hands, and addressed him in broken accents, and bowed down terrified before him.

ĂRJŎŎN.

Ootrēēshēēkēs! the universe rejoiceth because of thy renown, and is filled with zeal for thy service. The evil spirits are terrified, and flee on all sides; whilst the holy tribes bow down in adoration before thee. And wherefore should they not, O mighty Being! bow down before thee, who, greater than *Brăhmă*, art the prime Creator! eternal God of Gods! the world's mansion! Thou art the incorruptible Being, distinct from all things transient! Thou art before all Gods, the ancient *Pŏŏrŏŏsh*, and the supreme supporter of the universe! Thou knowest all things, and art worthy to be known; thou art the supreme mansion, and by thee, O infinite form! the universe was spread abroad. Thou art *Văyŏŏ* the God of wind, *Ăgnēē* the God of fire, *Vărŏŏn* the God of oceans, *Săsănkă* the moon, *Prăjăpătēē* the God of nations, and *Prăpēētămăhă* the mighty ancestor. Reverence! Reverence be unto thee a thousand times repeated! Again and again

Reverence! Reverence be unto thee! Reverence be unto thee before and behind! Reverence be unto thee on all sides, O thou who art all in all! Infinite is thy power and thy glory! Thou includest all things, wherefore thou art all things! Having regarded thee as my friend, I forcibly called thee *Krēēshnā*, *Yādāvā*, Friend! but alas! I was ignorant of this thy greatness, because I was blinded by my affection and presumption. Thou hast, at times, also in sport been treated ill by me; in thy recreations, in thy bed, on thy chair, and at thy meals; in private and in public; for which, O Being inconceivable! I humbly crave thy forgiveness.

Thou art the father of all things animate and inanimate; thou art the sage instructor of the whole, worthy to be adored! There is none like unto thee; where then, in the three worlds, is there one above thee? Wherefore I bow down; and, with my body prostrate upon the ground, crave thy mercy, Lord! worthy to be adored; for thou shouldst bear with me, even as a father with a son, a lover with his beloved. I am well pleased with having beheld things before never seen; yet my mind is overwhelmed with awful fear. Have mercy, then, O heavenly Lord! O mansion of the universe! and show me thy celestial form. I wish to behold thee with the diadem on thy head, and thy hands armed with club and *Chākrā;* assume then, O God of a thousand arms, image of the universe! thy four-armed form.

KRĒĒSHNĀ.

Well pleased, O *Ārjōōn*, I have shown thee, by my divine power, this my supreme form the universe in all its glory, infinite and eternal, which was never seen by

any one except thyself; for no one, O valiant *Kŏŏrŏŏ!* in the three worlds, except thyself, can such a sight of me obtain; not by the *Vēds*, nor sacrifices, nor profound study; nor by charitable gifts, nor by deeds, nor by the most severe mortifications of the flesh. Having beholden my form thus awful, be not disturbed, nor let thy faculties be confounded. When thou art relieved from thy fears, and thy mind is restored to peace, then behold this my wondrous form again.

SĂNJĂY.

The son of *Văsŏŏdēv* having thus spoken unto *Ărjŏŏn*, showed him again his natural form; and having re-assumed his milder shape, he presently assuaged the fears of the affrighted *Ărjŏŏn*.

ĂRJŎŎN.

Having beheld thy placid human shape, I am again collected; my mind is no more disturbed, and I am once more returned to my natural state.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

Thou hast beholden this my marvellous shape, so very difficult to be seen, which even the *Dēws* are constantly anxious to behold. But I am not to be seen, as thou hast seen me, even by the assistance of the *Vēds*, by mortifications, by sacrifices, by charitable gifts; but I am to be seen, to be known in truth, and to be obtained by means of that worship which is offered up to me alone; and he goeth unto me whose works are done for me; who esteemeth me suprēme; who is my servant

only; who hath abandoned all consequences, and who liveth amongst all men without hatred.

LECTURE XII.

OF SERVING THE DEITY IN HIS VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE FORMS.

ĂRJŎŎN.

Of those thy servants who are always thus employed, which know their duty best—those who worship thee as thou now art, or those who serve thee in thy invisible and incorruptible nature?

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

Those who, having placed their minds in me, serve me with constant zeal, and are endued with steady faith, are esteemed the best devoted. They too who, delighting in the welfare of all nature, serve me in my incorruptible, ineffable, and invisible form; omnipresent, incomprehensible, standing on high fixed and immovable, with subdued passions and understandings, the same in all things, shall also come unto me. Those whose minds are attached to my visible nature have the greater labour to encounter; because an invisible path is difficult to be found by corporeal beings. They also who, preferring me, leave all works for me, and, free from the worship of all others, contemplate and serve me alone, I presently raise them up from the ocean of this region of mortality,

whose minds are thus attached to me. Place then thy heart on me, and penetrate me with thy understanding, and thou shalt, without doubt, hereafter enter into me. But if thou shouldst be unable, at once, steadfastly to fix thy mind on me, endeavour to find me by means of constant practice. If after practice thou art still unable, follow me in my works supreme; for by performing works for me, thou shalt attain perfection. But shouldst thou find thyself unequal to this task, put thy trust in me alone, be of humble spirit, and forsake the fruit of every action. Knowledge is better than practice, meditation is distinguished from knowledge, forsaking the fruit of action from meditation, for happiness hereafter is derived from such forsaking.

He my servant is dear unto me who is free from enmity, the friend of all nature, merciful, exempt from pride and selfishness, the same in pain and pleasure, patient of wrongs, contented, constantly devout, of subdued passions and firm resolves, and whose mind and understanding are fixed on me alone. He also is my beloved of whom mankind are not afraid, and who of mankind is not afraid; and who is free from the influence of joy, impatience, and the dread of harm. He my servant is dear unto me who is unexpecting, just and pure, impartial, free from distraction of mind, and who hath forsaken every enterprise. He also is worthy of my love, who neither rejoiceth nor findeth fault; who neither lamenteth nor coveteth, and, being my servant, hath forsaken both good and evil fortune. He also is my beloved servant, who is the same in friendship and in hatred, in honour and in dishonour, in cold and in heat, in pain and pleasure; who is unsolicitous about

the event of things; to whom praise and blame are as one; who is of little speech, and pleased with whatever cometh to pass; who owneth no particular home, and who is of a steady mind. They who seek this *Ámrĕĕtă* of religion even as I have said, and serve me faithfully before all others, are, moreover, my dearest friends.

LECTURE XIII.

EXPLANATION OF THE TERMS KSHĒTRĂ AND KSHĒTRĂ-GNĂ.

ĂRJŎŎN.

I now am anxious to be informed, O *Kĕsŏŏ!* what is *Prakrĕĕtĕĕ*, who is *Pŏŏrŏŏsh;* what is meant by the words *Kshētră* and *Kshētră-gnă*, and what by *Gnān* and *Gnēyă*.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

Learn that by the word *Kshētră* is implied this body, and that he who is acquainted with it is called *Kshētră-gnă*. Know that I am that *Kshētră-gnă* in every mortal frame. The knowledge of the *Kshētră* and the *Kshētră-gnă* is by me esteemed *Gnān* or wisdom.

Now hear what that *Kshētră* or body is, what it resembleth, what are its different parts, what it proceedeth from, who he is who knoweth it, and what are its productions. Each hath been manifoldly sung by the *Rĕĕshĕĕs* in various measures, and in verses containing divine precepts, including arguments and proofs.

This *Kshētră* or body, then, is made up of five

Măhăbhŏŏt (elements): *Ăhănkăr* (self-consciousness), *Bŏŏdhĕĕ* (understanding), *Ăvyăktăm* (invisible spirit), the eleven *Ĕĕndrĕĕyă* (organs), and the five *Ĕĕndrĕĕyă-gŏchăr* (faculties of the five senses); with *Eechă* and *Divĕshă* (love and hatred), *Sookh* and *Dookh* (pleasure and pain), *Chĕtănă* (sensibility), and *Dhrĕĕtĕĕ* (firmness).

Thus have I made known unto thee what that *Kshĕtră* or body is, and what are its component parts.

Gnān, or wisdom, is freedom from self-esteem, hypocrisy, and injury; patience, rectitude, respect for masters and teachers, chastity, steadiness, self-constraint, disaffection for the objects of the senses, freedom from pride, and a constant attention to birth, death, decay, sickness, pain, and defects; exemption from attachments and affection for children, wife, and home; a constant evenness of temper upon the arrival of every event, whether longed for or not; a constant and invariable worship paid to me alone; worshipping in a private place, and a dislike to the society of man; a constant study of the superior spirit; and the inspection of the advantage to be derived from a knowledge of the *Tăttwă* or first principle.

This is what is distinguished by the name of *Gnān*, or wisdom. *Ăgnān*, or ignorance, is the reverse of this.

I will now tell thee what is *Gnēyă*, or the object of wisdom, from understanding which thou wilt enjoy immortality. It is that which hath no beginning, and is supreme, even *Brăhm*, who can neither be called *Săt* (ens) nor *Asăt* (non ens). It is all hands and feet; it is all faces, heads, and eyes; and, all ear, it sitteth in the midst of the world possessing the vast whole. Itself

exempt from every organ, it is the reflected light of every faculty of the organs. Unattached, it containeth all things; and without quality it partaketh of every quality. It is the inside and the outside, and it is the movable and immovable of all nature. From the minuteness of its parts it is inconceivable. It standeth at a distance, yet is it present. It is undivided, yet in all things it standeth divided. It is the ruler of all things: it is that which now destroyeth, and now produceth. It is the light of lights, and it is declared to be free from darkness. It is wisdom, that which is the object of wisdom, and that which is to be obtained by wisdom; and it presideth in every breast.

Thus hath been described together what is *Kshētrā* or body, what is *Gnān* or wisdom, and what is *Gnēyā* or the object of wisdom. He my servant who thus conceiveth me obtaineth my nature.

Learn that both *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ* and *Pŏŏrŏŏsh* are without beginning. Know also that the various component parts of matter and their qualities are co-existent with *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ*. *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ* is that principle which operateth in the agency of the instrumental cause of action.

Pŏŏrŏŏsh is that *Hetŏŏ* or principle which operateth in the sensation of pain and pleasure. The *Pŏŏrŏŏsh* resideth in the *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ*, and partaketh of those qualities which proceed from the *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ*. The consequences arising from those qualities are the cause which operateth in the birth of the *Pŏŏrŏŏsh*, and determineth whether it shall be in a good or evil body. *Pŏŏrŏŏsh* is that superior being who is called *Māhēswar*, the great God, the most high spirit, who in this body is the observer, the director, the protector, the partaker.

He who conceiveth the *Pōōrōōsh* and the *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ*, together with the *Gōōn* or qualities, to be even so as I have described them, whatever mode of life he may lead, he is not again subject to mortal birth.

Some men, by meditation, behold with the mind the spirit within themselves; others, according to the discipline of the *Sānkhyă* (contemplative doctrines), and the discipline which is called *Kărmă-yōg* (practical doctrines); others again, who are not acquainted with this, but have heard it from others, attend to it. But even these, who act but from the report of others, pass beyond the gulf of death.

Know, O chief of the race of *Băhrăt*, that everything which is produced in nature, whether animate or inanimate, is produced from the union of *Kshētră* and *Kshētră-gnă*, matter and spirit. He who beholdeth the Supreme Being alike in all things, whilst corrupting, itself incorrupting; and conceiving that God in all things is the same, doth not of himself injure his own soul, goeth the journey of immortality. He who beholdeth all his actions performed by *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ*, nature, at the same time perceiveth that the *Ātmă* or soul is inactive in them. When he beholdeth all the different species in nature comprehended in one alone, and so from it spread forth into their vast variety, he then conceiveth *Brăhm*, the Supreme Being. This supreme spirit and incorruptible Being, even when it is in the body, neither acteth, nor is it affected, because its nature is without beginning and without quality. As the all-moving *Ākās*, or ether, from the minuteness of its parts, passeth everywhere unaffected, even so the omnipresent spirit remaineth in the body unaffected. As a single sun

illuminateth the whole world, even so doth the spirit enlighten every body. They who, with the eye of wisdom, perceive the body and the spirit to be thus distinct, and that there is a final release from the animal nature, go to the Supreme.

LECTURE XIV.

OF THE THREE GÖÖN OR QUALITIES.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

I will now reveal unto thee a most sublime knowledge superior to all others, which having learned, all the *Mŏŏnĕĕs* have passed from it to supreme perfection. They take sanctuary under this wisdom, and, being arrived to that virtue which is similar to my own, they are not disturbed on the day of the confusion of all things, nor born again on their renovation.

The great *Brăhm* is my womb. In it I place my fœtus; and from it is the production of all nature. The great *Brăhm* is the womb of all those various forms which are conceived in every natural womb, and I am the father who sowest the seed.

There are three *Gŏŏn* or qualities arising from *Prăkrĕĕtĕĕ* or nature: *Sătwă* truth, *Răjă* passion, and *Tămă* darkness; and each of them confineth the incorruptible spirit in the body. The *Sătwă-Gŏŏn*, because of its purity, is clear and free from defect, and entwineth the soul with sweet and pleasant consequences, and the fruit of wisdom. The *Răjă-Gŏŏn* is of a passionate nature,

arising from the effects of worldly thirst, and imprisoneth the soul with the consequences produced from action. The *Tămă-Gŏŏn* is the offspring of ignorance, and the confounder of all the faculties of the mind; and it imprisoneth the soul with intoxication, sloth, and idleness. The *Sătwă-Gŏŏn* prevaileth in felicity, the *Răjă* in action, and the *Tămă*, having possessed the soul, prevaileth in intoxication. When the *Tămă* and the *Răjă* have been overcome, then the *Sătwă* appeareth; when the *Răjă* and *Sătwă*, then the *Tămă;* and when the *Tămă* and the *Sătwă*, the *Răjă*. When *Gnăn*, or wisdom, shall become evident in this body at all its gates, then shall it be known that the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn* is prevalent within. The love of gain, industry, and the commencement of works, intemperance and inordinate desire, are produced from the prevalency of the *Răjă-Gŏŏn;* whilst the tokens of the *Tămă-Gŏŏn* are gloominess, idleness, sottishness, and distraction of thought. When the body is dissolved whilst the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn* prevaileth, the soul proceedeth to the regions of those immaculate beings who are acquainted with the Most High. When the body findeth dissolution whilst the *Răjă-Gŏŏn* is predominate, the soul is born again amongst those who are attached to the fruits of their actions. So, in like manner, should the body be dissolved whilst the *Tămă-Gŏŏn* is prevalent, the spirit is conceived again in the wombs of irrational beings. The fruit of good works is called pure and holy; the fruit of the *Răjă-Gŏŏn* is pain; and the fruit of the *Tămă-Gŏŏn* is ignorance. From the *Sătwă* is produced wisdom, from the *Răjă* covetousness, and from the *Tămă* madness, distraction, and ignorance. Those of the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn* mount on high, those of the *Răjă* stay in the middle,

whilst those abject followers of the *Tămă-Gōōn* sink below.

When he who beholdeth perceiveth no other agent than these qualities, and discovereth that there is a being superior to them, he at length findeth my nature; and when the soul has surpassed these three qualities, which are co-existent with the body, it is delivered from birth and death, old age and pain, and drinketh of the water of immortality.

ĂRJŌŌN.

By what tokens is it known that a man hath surpassed these three qualities? What is his practice? What are the means by which he overcometh them?

KRĒĒSHNĂ.

He, O son of *Pāndōō*, who despiseth not the light of wisdom, the attention to worldly things, and the distraction of thought when they come upon him, nor longeth for them when they disappear; who, like one who is of no party, sitteth unagitated by the three qualities; who, whilst the qualities are present, standeth still and moveth not; who is self-dependent and the same in ease and pain, and to whom iron, stone, and gold are as one; firm alike in love and dislike, and the same whether praised or blamed; the same in honour and disgrace; the same on the part of the friend and the foe, and who forsaketh all enterprise; such an one hath surmounted the influence of the qualities. And he, my servant, who serveth me alone with due attention, having overcome the influence of the qualities, is formed to be absorbed in *Brăhm*, the

Supreme. I am the emblem of the immortal, and of the incorruptible; of the eternal, of justice, and of endless bliss.

LECTURE XV.

OF PŏŏRŏŏSHOTTĂMĂ.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

The incorruptible being is likened unto the tree *Ăswăttha*, whose root is above and whose branches are below, and whose leaves are the *Vēds*. He who knoweth that, is acquainted with the *Vēds*. Its branches growing from the three *Gŏŏn* or qualities, whose lesser shoots are the objects of the organs of sense, spread forth some high and some low. The roots which are spread abroad below, in the regions of mankind, are restrained by action. Its form is not to be found here, neither its beginning, nor its end, nor its likeness. When a man hath cut down this *Ăswăttha*, whose root is so firmly fixed, with the strong axe of disinterest, from that time that place is to be sought from whence there is no return for those who find it; and I make manifest that first *Pŏŏrŏŏsh* from whom is produced the ancient progression of all things.

Those who are free from pride and ignorance, have prevailed over those faults which arise from the consequences of action, have their minds constantly employed in watching over and restraining the inordinate desires, and are freed from contrary causes, whose consequences

bring both pleasure and pain, are no longer confounded in their minds, and ascend to that place which endureth for ever. Neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the fire enlighteneth that place from whence there is no return, and which is the supreme mansion of my abode.

It is even a portion of myself that in this animal world is the universal spirit of all things. It draweth together the five organs and the mind, which is the sixth, that it may obtain a body, and that it may leave it again; and *Ěĕswăr*, having taken them under his charge, accompanieth them from his own abode as the breeze the fragrance of the flower. He presideth over the organs of hearing, seeing, tasting, and smelling, together with the mind, and attendeth to their objects. The foolish see it not, attended by the *Gŏŏn* or qualities, in expiring, in being, or in enjoying; but those who are endued with the eye of wisdom behold it. Those also who industriously apply their minds in meditation may perceive it planted in their own breasts, whilst those of unformed minds and weak judgments, labouring, find it not.

Know that the light which proceedeth from the sun and illuminateth the whole world, and the light which is in the moon, and in the fire, are mine. I pervade all things in nature, and guard them with my beams. I am the moon, whose nature it is to give the quality of taste and relish, and to cherish the herbs and plants of the field. I am the fire residing in the bodies of all things which have life, where, joined with the two spirits which are called *Prān* and *Opān*, I digest the food which they eat, which is of four kinds. I penetrate into the hearts of all men; and from me proceed memory, knowledge, and the loss of both. I am to be known by all the *Vēds* or

books of divine knowledge: I am he who formed the *Vědant*, and I am he who knoweth the *Věds*.

There are two kinds of *Pōōrōōsh* in the world, the one corruptible, and the other incorruptible. The corruptible *Pōōrōōsh* is the body of all things in nature; the incorruptible is called *Kōōthāstā*, or he who standeth on the pinnacle. There is another *Pōōrōōsh* most high, the *Pārāmātmā* or supreme soul, who inhabiteth the three regions of the world; even the incorruptible *Ēēswăr*. Because I am above corruption, so also am I superior to incorruption; wherefore in this world, and in the *Věds*, I am called *Pōōrōōshāttāmā*. The man of a sound judgment, who conceiveth me to be thus the *Pōōrōōshāttāmā*, knoweth all things, and serveth me in every principle.

Thus, O *Ārjōōn*, have I made known unto thee this most mysterious *Sāstrā;* and he who understandeth it shall be a wise man, and the performer of all that is fit to be done.

LECTURE XVI.

OF GOOD AND EVIL DESTINY.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

The man who is born with divine destiny is endued with the following qualities: exemption from fear, a purity of heart, a constant attention to the discipline of his understanding; charity, self-restraint, religion, study, penance, rectitude, freedom from doing wrong, veracity,

freedom from anger, resignation, temperance, freedom from slander, universal compassion, exemption from the desire of slaughter, mildness, modesty, discretion, dignity, patience, fortitude, chastity, unrevengefulness, and a freedom from vain-glory: whilst those who come into this life under the influence of the evil destiny are distinguished by hypocrisy, pride, presumption, anger, harshness of speech, and ignorance. The divine destiny is for *Mōksh*, or eternal absorption in the divine nature; and the evil destiny confineth the soul to mortal birth. Fear not, *Ărjŏŏn*, for thou art born with the divine destiny before thee. Thus there are two kinds of destiny prevailing in the world. The nature of the good destiny hath been fully explained. Hear what is the nature of the evil.

Those who are born under the influence of the evil destiny know not what it is to proceed in virtue, or recede from vice; nor is purity, veracity, or the practice of morality to be found in them. They say the world is without beginning, and without end, and without an *Ēēswăr;* that all things are conceived by the junction of the sexes; and that love is the only cause. These lost souls, and men of little understandings, having fixed upon this vision, are born of dreadful and inhuman deeds for the destruction of the world. They trust to their carnal appetites, which are hard to be satisfied; are hypocrites, and overwhelmed with madness and intoxication. Because of their folly they adopt false doctrines, and continue to live the life of impurity. They abide by their inconceivable opinions, even unto the day of confusion, and determine within their own minds that the gratification of the sensual appetites is

the supreme good. Fast bound by the hundred cords of hope, and placing all their trust in lust and anger, they seek by injustice the accumulation of wealth, for the gratification of their inordinate desires. "This, to-day, hath been acquired by me. I shall obtain this object of my heart. This wealth I have, and this shall I have also. This foe have I already slain, and others will I forthwith vanquish. I am *Ĕĕswăr*, and I enjoy; I am consummate, I am powerful, and I am happy; I am rich, and I am endued with precedence amongst men; where is there another like unto me? I will make presents at the feasts and be merry." In this manner do those ignorant men talk, whose minds are thus gone astray. Confounded with various thoughts and designs, they are entangled in the net of folly; and being firmly attached to the gratification of their lusts, they sink at length into the *Nărăk* of impurity. Being self-conceited, stubborn, and ever in pursuit of wealth and pride, they worship with the name of worship and hypocrisy, and not according to divine ordination; and, placing all their trust in pride, power, ostentation, lust and anger, they are overwhelmed with calumny and detraction, and hate me in themselves and others: wherefore I cast down upon the earth those furious abject wretches, those evil beings who thus despise me, into the wombs of evil spirits and unclean beasts. Being doomed to the wombs of *Ăsŏŏrs* from birth to birth, at length not finding me, they go unto the most infernal regions. There are these three passages to *Nărăk* (or the infernal regions): lust, anger, and avarice, which are the destroyers of the soul; wherefore a man should avoid them; for, being freed from these

gates of sin, which arise from the influence of the *Tămă-Gŏŏn*, he advanceth his own happiness; and at length he goeth the journey of the Most High. He who abandoneth the dictates of the *Săstră* to follow the dictates of his lusts, attaineth neither perfection, happiness, nor the regions of the Most High. Wherefore, O *Ărjŏŏn*, having made thyself acquainted with the precepts of the *Săstră*, in the establishment of what is fit and unfit to be done, thou shouldst perform those works which are declared by the commandments of the *Săstră*.

LECTURE XVII.

OF FAITH DIVIDED INTO THREE SPECIES.

ĂRJŎŎN.

What is the guide of those men, who, although they neglect the precepts of the *Săstră*, yet worship with faith? Is it the *Sătwă*, the *Răjă*, or the *Tămă-Gŏŏn*?

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

The faith of mortals is of three kinds, and is produced from the constitution. It is denominated after the three *Gŏŏn*, *Sătwăkēē*, *Răjăsēē*, or *Tămăsēē*. Hear what these are. The faith of every one is a copy of that which is produced from the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn*. The mortal *Pŏŏrŏŏsh* being formed with faith, of whatever nature he may be, with that kind of faith he is endued. Those who are of the disposition which ariseth from the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn* worship the *Dēws*; those of the *Răjă-Gŏŏn* the *Yăkshăs* and the *Răkshăs*; and those of the *Tămă-Gŏŏn* worship

the departed spirits and the tribe of *Bhoots*. Those men who perform severe mortifications of the flesh, not authorised by the *Sāstrā*, are possessed of hypocrisy and pride, and overwhelmed with lust, passion, and tyrannic strength. Those fools torment the spirit that is in the body, and myself also who am in them. Know what are the resolutions of those who are born under the influence of the evil spirit.

There are three kinds of food which are dear unto all men. Worship, zeal, and charity are each of them divided into three species. Hear what are their distinctions.

The food that is dear unto those of the *Sātwā-Gōōn* is such as increases the length of their days, their power, and their strength, and keeps them free from sickness, happy, and contented. It is pleasing to the palate, nourishing, permanent, and congenial to the body. It is neither too bitter, too sour, too salt, too hot, too pungent, too stringent, nor too inflammable. The food that is coveted by those of the *Rājā-Gōōn* giveth nothing but pain and misery; and the delight of those in whom the *Tāmā-Gōōn* prevaileth, is such as was dressed the day before, and is out of season; hath lost its taste, and is grown putrid; the leavings of others, and all things that are impure.

That worship which is directed by divine precept, and is performed without the desire of reward, as necessary to be done, and with an attentive mind, is of the *Sātwā-Gōōn*.

The worship which is performed with a view to the fruit, and with hypocrisy, is of the *Tāmā-Gōōn*.

The worship which is performed without regard to the

precept of the law, without the distribution of bread, without the usual invocations, without gifts to the *Brāhmāns* at the conclusion, and without faith, is of the *Rājā-Gōōn.*

Respect to the *Dēws*, to *Brāhmāns*, masters, and learned men; chastity, rectitude, the worship of the Deity, and a freedom from injury, are called *bodily zeal.*

Gentleness, justness, kindness, and benignity of speech, and attention to one's particular studies, are called *verbal zeal.*

Content of mind, mildness of temper, devotion, restraint of the passions, and a purity of soul, are called *mental zeal.*

This threefold zeal being warmed with supreme faith, and performed by men who long not for the fruit of action, is of the *Sātwā-Gōōn.*

The zeal which is shown by hypocrisy, for the sake of the reputation of sanctity, honour, and respect, is said to be of the *Rājā-Gōōn;* and it is inconstant and uncertain.

The zeal which is exhibited with self-torture, by the fool, without examination, or for the purpose of injuring another, is of the *Tāmā-Gōōn.*

That charity which is bestowed by the disinterested, because it is proper to be given, in due place and season, and to proper objects, is of the *Sātwā-Gōōn.*

That which is given in expectation of a return, or for the sake of the fruit of the action, and with reluctancy, is of the *Rājā-Gōōn.*

That which is given out of place and season, and to unworthy objects, and, at the same time, ungraciously and scornfully, is pronounced to be of the *Tāmā-Gōōn.*

Ŏm, *Tăt*, and *Săt* are the three mystic characters used to denote the Deity.

By him in the beginning were appointed the *Brăhmăns*, the *Vēds*, and religion: hence the sacrificial, charitable, and zealous ceremonies of the expounders of the word of God, as they are ordained by the law, constantly proceed after they have pronounced *Ŏm!*

Tăt having been pronounced by those who long for immortality, without any inclination for a temporary reward of their actions, then are performed the ceremonies of worship and zeal, and the various deeds of charity.

The word *Săt* is used for qualities which are true, and for qualities that are holy. The word *Săt* is also applied to deeds which are praiseworthy. Attention in worship, zeal, and deeds of charity, are also called *Săt*. Deeds which are performed for *Tăt* are also to be esteemed *Săt*.

Whatever is performed without faith, whether it be sacrifices, deeds of charity, or mortifications of the flesh, is called *Asăt;* and is not for this world or that which is above.

LECTURE XVIII.

OF FORSAKING THE FRUITS OF ACTION FOR OBTAINING ETERNAL SALVATION.

ĂRJŎŎN.

I wish to comprehend the principle of *Sănnyăs*, and also *Tyăg*, each separately.

KRĔĔSHNĂ.

The bards conceive that the word *Sănnyās* implieth the forsaking of all actions which are desirable; and they call *Tyāg* the forsaking of the fruits of every action. Certain philosophers have declared that works are as much to be avoided as crimes; whilst others say that deeds of worship, mortifications, and charity should not be forsaken. Hear what is my decree upon the term *Tyāg*.

Tyāg, or forsaking, is pronounced to be of three natures. But deeds of worship, mortification, and charity are not to be forsaken: they are proper to be performed. Sacrifices, charity, and mortifications are purifiers of the philosopher. It is my ultimate opinion and decree, that such works are absolutely to be performed, with a forsaking of their consequences and the prospect of their fruits. The retirement from works which are appointed to be performed, is improper.

The forsaking of them through folly and distraction of mind, ariseth from the influence of the *Tămă-Gŏŏn*.

The forsaking of a work because it is painful, and from the dread of bodily affliction, ariseth from the *Răjă-Gŏŏn;* and he who thus leaveth undone what he ought to do, shall not obtain the fruit of forsaking.

The work which is performed because it is appointed and esteemed necessary to be done, and with a forsaking of the consequences and the hope of a reward, is, with such a forsaking, declared to be of the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn*.

The man who is possessed of the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn* is thus a *Tyāgĕĕ*, or one who forsaketh the fruit of action. He is of a sound judgment, and exempt from all doubt; he

complaineth not in adversity, nor exulteth in the success of his undertaking.

No corpoteal being is able totally to refrain from works. He is properly denominated a *Tyāgēē* who is a forsaker of the fruit of action.

The fruit of action is threefold: that which is coveted, that which is not coveted, and that which is neither one nor the other. Those who do not abandon works obtain a final release; not those who withdraw from action, and are denominated *Sānnyāsēēs*.

Learn, O *Ārjŏŏn*, that for the accomplishment of every work five agents are necessary, as is further declared in the *Sānkhyā* and *Vēdant-Sāstrās*:—attention and supervision, the actor, the implements of various sorts, distinct and manifold contrivances, and lastly, the favour of Providence. The work which a man undertaketh, either with his body, his speech, or his mind, whether it be lawful or unlawful, hath these five agents engaged in the performance. He then who after this, because of the imperfection of his judgment, beholdeth no other agent than himself, is an evil-thinker and seeth not at all. He who hath no pride in his disposition, and whose judgment is not affected, although he should destroy a whole world, neither killeth, nor is he bound thereby.

In the direction of a work are three things: *Gnān*, *Gnēyā*, and *Pārēēgnātā*. The accomplishment of a work is also threefold: the implement, the action, and the agent. The *Gnān*, the action, and the agent are each distinguished by the influence of the three *Gŏŏn*. Hear in what manner they are declared to be after the order of the three *Gŏŏn*.

That *Gnān*, or wisdom, by which one principle alone is seen prevalent in all nature, incorruptible and infinite, in all things finite, is of the *Sātwā-Gōōn*.

That *Gnān*, or wisdom, is of the *Rājā-Gōōn*, by which a man believeth that there are various and manifold principles prevailing in the natural world of created beings.

That *Gnān*, or wisdom, which is mean, interested in one single object alone as if it were the whole, without any just motive or design, and without principle or profit, is pronounced to be of the *Tāmā-Gōōn*.

The action which is appointed by divine precept, is performed free from the thought of its consequences and without passion or despite, by one who hath no regard for the fruit thereof, is of the *Sātwā-Gōōn*.

The action which is performed by one who is fond of the gratification of his lusts, or by the proud and selfish, and is attended with unremitted pains, is of the *Rājā-Gōōn*.

The action which is undertaken through ignorance and folly, and without any foresight of its fatal and injurious consequences, is pronounced to be of the *Tāmā-Gōōn*.

The agent who is regardless of the consequences, is free from pride and arrogance, is endued with fortitude and resolution, and is unaffected whether his work succeed or not, is said to be of the *Sātwā-Gōōn*.

That agent is pronounced to be of the *Rājā-Gōōn* who is a slave to his passions, who longeth for the fruit of action, who is avaricious, of a cruel disposition, of impure principles, and a slave to joy and grief

The agent who is unattentive, indiscreet, stubborn, dissembling, mischievous, indolent, melancholy, and dilatory, is of the *Tămă-Gōōn.*

Hear also what are the threefold divisions of understanding and firmness, according to the influence of the three *Gōōn*, which are about to be explained to thee distinctly and without reserve.

The understanding which can determine what it is to proceed in a business, and what it is to recede; what is necessary and what is unnecessary; what is fear and what is not; what is liberty and what is confinement, is of the *Sătwă-Gōōn.*

The understanding which doth not conceive justice and injustice; what is proper and what is improper, as they truly are, is of the *Răjă-Gōōn.*

The understanding which, being overwhelmed in darkness, mistaketh injustice for justice, and all things contrary to their true intent and meaning, is of the *Tămă-Gōōn.*

That steady firmness, with which a man, by devotion, restraineth every action of the mind and organs, is of the *Sătwă-Gōōn.*

That interested firmness by which a man, from views of profit, persisteth in the duties of his calling, in the gratification of his lusts, and the acquisition of wealth, is declared to be of the *Răjă-Gōōn.*

That stubborn firmness, by which a man of low capacity departeth not from sloth, fear, grief, melancholy, and intoxication, is of the *Tămă-Gōōn.*

Now hear what is the threefold division of pleasure.

That pleasure which a man enjoyeth from his labour, and wherein he findeth the end of his pains; and that

which, in the beginning, is a poison, and in the end as the water of life, is declared to be of the *Sătwă-Gŏŏn*, and to arise from the consent of the understanding.

That pleasure which ariseth from the conjunction of the organs with their objects, which in the beginning is as sweet as the water of life, and in the end as poison, is of the *Răjă-Gŏŏn*.

That pleasure which in the beginning and the end tendeth to stupefy the soul, and ariseth from drowsiness, idleness, and intoxication, is pronounced to be of the *Tămă-Gŏŏn*.

There is not anything either in heaven or earth, or amongst the hosts of heaven, which is free from the influence of these three *Gŏŏn* or qualities, which arise from the first principles of nature.

The respective duties of the four tribes of *Brăhmăn*, *Kshĕtrĕĕ*, *Vīsyă*, and *Sŏŏdră*, are also determined by the qualities which are in their constitutions.

The natural duty of the *Brăhmăn* is peace, self-restraint, zeal, purity, patience, rectitude, wisdom, learning, and theology.

The natural duties of the *Kshĕtrĕĕ* are bravery, glory, fortitude, rectitude, not to flee from the field, generosity, and princely conduct.

The natural duty of the *Vīsyă* is to cultivate the land, tend the cattle, and buy and sell.

The natural duty of the *Sŏŏdră* is servitude.

A man being contented with his own particular lot and duty obtaineth perfection. Hear how that perfection is to be accomplished.

The man who maketh an offering of his own works to that being from whom the principles of all beings

proceed, and by whom the whole universe was spread forth, by that means obtaineth perfection.

The duties of a man's own particular calling, although not free from faults, is far preferable to the duty of another, let it be ever so well pursued. A man by following the duties which are appointed by his birth, doeth no wrong. A man's own calling, with all its faults, ought not to be forsaken. Every undertaking is involved in its faults, as the fire in its smoke. A disinterested mind and conquered spirit, who, in all things, is free from inordinate desires, obtaineth a perfection unconnected with works, by that resignation and retirement which is called *Sănnyăs;* and having attained that perfection, learn from me, in brief, in what manner he obtaineth *Brăhm*, and what is the foundation of wisdom.

A man being endued with a purified understanding, having humbled his spirit by resolution, and abandoned the objects of the organs; who hath freed himself from passion and dislike; who worshippeth with discrimination, eateth with moderation, and is humble of speech, of body, and of mind; who preferreth the devotion of meditation, and who constantly placeth his confidence in dispassion; who is freed from ostentation, tyrannic strength, vain-glory, lust, anger, and avarice; and who is exempt from selfishness, and in all things temperate, is formed for being *Brăhm.* And thus being as *Brăhm*, his mind is at ease, and he neither longeth nor lamenteth. He is the same in all things, and obtaineth my supreme assistance and by my divine aid he knoweth, fundamentally, who I am, and what is the extent of my existence; and having thus discovered who I am, he at length is absorbed in my nature.

A man also being engaged in every work, if he put his trust in me alone, shall, by my divine pleasure, obtain the eternal and incorruptible mansions of my abode.

With thy heart place all thy works on me; prefer me to all things else; depend upon the use of thy understanding, and think constantly of me; for by doing so thou shalt, by my divine favour, surmount every difficulty which surroundeth thee. But if, through pride, thou wilt not listen unto my words, thou shalt undoubtedly be lost. From a confidence in thy own self-sufficiency thou mayst think that thou wilt not fight. Such is a fallacious determination, for the principles of thy nature will impel thee. Being confined to action by the duties of thy natural calling, thou wilt involuntarily do that from necessity, which thou wantest, through ignorance, to avoid.

Ĕĕswăr resideth in the breast of every mortal being, revolving with his supernatural power all things which are mounted upon the universal wheel of time. Take sanctuary then, upon all occasions, with him alone, O offspring of *Bhărăt;* for by his divine pleasure thou shalt obtain supreme happiness and an eternal abode.

Thus have I made known unto thee a knowledge which is a superior mystery. Ponder it well in thy mind, and then act as it seemeth best unto thee.

Attend now to these my supreme and most mysterious words, which I will now for thy good reveal unto thee, because thou art dearly beloved of me. Be of my mind, be my servant, offer unto me alone, and bow down humbly before me, and thou shalt verily come unto me; for I approve thee, and thou art dear unto me. Forsake

every other religion, and fly to me alone. Grieve not then, for I will deliver thee from all thy transgressions.

This is never to be revealed by thee to anybody who hath not subjected his body by devotion, who is not my servant, who is not anxious to learn; nor unto him who despiseth me.

He who shall teach this supreme mystery unto my servant, directing his service unto me, shall undoubtedly go unto me, and there shall not be one amongst mankind who doeth me a greater kindness; nor shall there be in all the earth one more dear unto me.

He also who shall read these our religious dialogues, by him I may be sought with the devotion of wisdom. This is my resolve.

The man too who may only hear it without doubt, and with due faith, may also be saved, and obtain the regions of happiness provided for those whose deeds are virtuous.

Hath what I have been speaking, O *Ărjŏŏn*, been heard with thy mind fixed to one point? Is the distraction of thought which arose from thy ignorance, removed?

ĂRJŎŎN.

By thy divine favour, my confusion of mind is lost, and I have found understanding. I am now fixed in my principles, and am freed from all doubt; and I will henceforth act according to thy words.

SĂNJĂY.

In this manner have I been an ear-witness of the astonishing and miraculous conversation that hath passed between the son of *Văsŏŏdĕv*, and the magnani-

mous son of *Pāndōō;* and I was enabled to hear this supreme and miraculous doctrine, even as revealed from the mouth of *Krēēshnā* himself, who is the God of religion, by the favour of *Vyās*. As, O mighty Prince! I recollect again and again this holy and wonderful dialogue of *Krēēshnā* and *Ārjōōn*, I continue more and more to rejoice; and as I recall to my memory the more than miraculous form of *Hārēē*, my astonishment is great, and I marvel and rejoice again and again! Wherever *Krēēshnā* the God of devotion may be, wherever *Ārjōōn* the mighty bowman may be, there too, without doubt, are fortune, riches, victory, and good conduct. This is my firm belief.

NOTE RESPECTING THE PRONUNCIATION.

As a regular mode has been followed in the ortho graphy of the proper names, and other original words, the reader may be guided in the pronunciation of them by the following explanation:—

(*g*) has always the hard sound of that letter in *gun*.

(*j*) the soft sound of *g*, or of *J* in *James*.

(*y*) is generally to be considered as a consonant, and to be pronounced as that letter before a vowel, as in the word *yarn*.

(*h*) preceded by another consonant, denotes it to be aspired.

(*ă*) is always to be pronounced short, like *u* in *butter*.

(*â*) long; and broad, like *a* in *all*, *call*.

(*ĕĕ*) short, as *i* in *it*.

(*ēē*) long.

(*ŏŏ*) short, as *oo* in *foot*.

(*ōō*) long.

(*ē*) open and long.

(*ī*) as that letter is pronounced in our alphabet.

(*ō*) long, like *o* in *over*.

(*ow*) long, like *ow* in *how*.

GLOSSARY OF SANSKRIT WORDS IN THE "BHAGAVAD-GITA."

Ádhĕĕ-atmā.—Over-ruling spirit.

Ádhĕĕ-bhoot.—He who rules over created beings; the power of the Deity to destroy.

Ádhĕĕ-divā.—Literally means *superior to fate;* and is explained by the word *Pŏŏrŏŏsh*, which means no more than man; but in the *Bhagavad-gita* it is used to express the vital soul, or portion of the universal spirit of *Brāhm* inhabiting a body. So by the word *Māhā-Pŏŏrŏŏsh* is implied the Deity as the *primordial source.*

Ámrĕĕtā.—Water of immortality; the Ambrosia of the Hindu gods.

Áswĕĕn.—One of the physicians of the gods.

Bhrĕĕgŏŏ.—One of the first created beings produced from the mind of *Brāhmā.*

Brāhmā.—The Deity in his creative quality.

Chākrā.—A kind of discus with a sharp edge, hurled in battle from the point of the forefinger, for which there is a hole in the centre.

Dānŏŏs.—Evil spirits.

Dĕvārshĕĕs.—Deified saints.

Dēvătăr.—Signifies the Angels, or subordinate celestial beings; all the attributes of the Deity; and everything in heaven and earth which has been personified by the imagination of the poets.

Dēws.—Synonymous with *Dēvătăr.*

Ēĕndră.—Personification of the visible heavens, or the power of the Almighty over the elements.

Gnān.—Wisdom.

Gnēyă.—The object of wisdom.

Hărĕĕ.—One of the names of the Deity.

Kărmă.—Action; creative power.

Kărmă-Yōg.—The performance of religious ceremonies and moral duties.

Kărtĕĕk.—See *Skăndă.*

Kōōmăr.—One of the physicians of the gods.

Kōōvĕr.—The God of Wealth.

Krĕĕshnă.—An incarnation of the Deity.

Măhărshĕĕs.—Great saints.

Mănōōs.—Four other beings produced at the creation from the mind of *Brăhmă.*

Mărĕĕchĕĕ.—One of the eight points of heaven.

Mărōōts.—The winds.

Mērōō.—The north pole of the terrestrial globe, fabled by poets to be the highest mountain in the world.

Nāgs.—Fabulous, many-headed, serpents.

Năkshătrăs.—The constellations.

Nărăd.—One of the *Dēvărshĕĕs*, and a great Prophet, who is supposed to be still wandering about the world.

Ŏm.—The mystic emblem of the Deity. It is a monosyllable formed of the three letters, a, u, m; and represents the Hindu triad Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva.

Ŏŏrăgăs.—Serpents.

Ŏŏsănă.—Preceptor of the evil spirits.

Păndĕĕts.—Wise men: expounders of the Law.

Părăk.—The God of Fire.

Fărĕĕgnătă.—Superintending spirit.

Prăhlad.—An evil spirit who was converted by *Krĕĕshnă.*

Răjă.—Passion.

Răvee.—One of the names of the Sun.

Rĕĕshĕĕs.—Saints.

Rŏŏdrăs.—Eleven distinctions of *Sĕĕv.*

Sănkăr.—One of the names of *Sĕĕv.*

Sănnyăsĕĕ.—One who forsakes all worldly actions and hope of reward.

Săsĕĕ.—The moon.

Sătwă.—Truth.

Sĕĕv.—Fate.

Skăndă.—The General of the celestial armies.

Sōm.—The name of a creeper, the juice of which is commanded to be drank at the conclusion of a sacrifice by the person for whom, and at whose expense, it is performed, and by the Brahman who officiates at the altar.

Sōō-mērōō.—*See Mērōō.*
Sōōrs.—Good angels.

Tāmā.—Darkness.

Vārōōn.—God of the Ocean.
Vāsdoā.—One of the names of *Ēēndrā.*
Vāsōōdēv.—The father of *Krēēshnā* in his incarnation.
Vāsōōs.—Eight of the first created beings of *Brāhmā.*
Vēēttēsā.—One of the names of the God of Wealth.
Vrēēhāspātēē.—The preceptor of the *Dēws.*
Vyās.—The reputed author or compiler of the *Mahabharata.*

Yām.—Judge of Hell.
Yāp.—A silent repetition of the name of God.



THE END.

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